

SOME NEW
PIECES

Never before Publish'd.

By the Author of the
Satyrs upon the Jesuites.

————— *Nos otia vitæ*
Solamur cantu, ventosæque gaudia famæ
Quærimus. ————— *Stat. Sylv.*

L O N D O N :

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BEing to appear anew in the World, it may be expected, that I should say something concerning these ensuing Trifles, which I shall endeavour to do with as much briefness, as I did before what I last published in this kind.

I doubt not but the Reader will think me guilty of an high presumption in adventuring upon a Translation of The Art of Poetry, after two such great Hands as have gone before me in the same attempts: I need not acquaint him, that I mean Ben Johnson, and the Earl of Roscommon, the one being of so establish'd an Authority, that whatever he did is held as Sacred, the other having lately performed it with such admirable success, as almost cuts off all hope in any after Pretenders of ever coming up to what he has done. Howbeit, when I let him know, that it was a Task impos'd upon me, and not what I voluntarily engaged in; I hope he will be the more favourable in his Censures. I would indeed very willingly have wav'd the undertaking upon the forementioned account, and urged it as a reason for my declining the same, but it would not be allowed as sufficient to excuse me therefrom. Wherefore, being prevail'd upon to make an Essay, I fell to thinking of some course, whereby I might serve my self of the Advantages, which those that went before me, have either not
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*mind*ed, or scrupulously abridged themselves of. This I soon imagined was to be effected by putting Horace into a more modern dress, than hitherto he has appeared in, that is by making him speak, as if he were living, and writing now. I therefore resolved to alter the Scene from Rome to London, and to make use of English names of Men, Places, and Customs, where the Parallel would decently permit, which I conceived would give a kind of new Air to the Poem, and render it more agreeable to the relish of the present Age.

With these Considerations I set upon the Work, and pursued it accordingly. I have not, I acknowledg, been over-nice in keeping to the words of the Original, for that were to transgress a Rule therein contained. Nevertheless I have been religiously strict to its sense, and express'd it in as plain, and intelligible a manner, as the Subject would bear. Where I may be thought to have varied from it (which is not above once or twice, and in Passages not much material) the skilful Reader will perceive 'twas necessary for carrying on my proposed design, and the Author himself, were he again alive, would (I believe) forgive me. I have been careful to avoid stiffness, and made it my endeavour to hit (as near as I could) the easie and familiar way of writing, which is peculiar to Horace in his Epistles, and was his proper Talent above any of mankind. After all, 'tis humbly submitted to the judgment of the truly knowing, how I have acquitted my self herein. Let the success be what it will, I shall not however wholly repent of my undertaking, being (I reckon)

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reckon) in some measure recompenced for my pains by the advantage I have reaped of fixing these admirable Rules of Sense so well in my memory.

The Satyr and Odes of the Author, which follow next in order, I have translated after the same libertine way. In them also I labour'd under the disadvantages of coming after other persons. The Satyr had been made into a Scene by Ben Johnson, in a Play of his, called the Poetaster. After I had finished my imitation thereof, I came to learn, that it had been done likewise by Dr. Sprat, and since I have had the sight of it amongst the Printed Translations of Horace's Works. The Odes are there done too, but not so excellently well, as, to discourage any farther endeavours. If these of mine meet with good entertainment in the world, I may perhaps find leisure to attempt some other of them, which at present suffer as much from their Translators, as the Psalms of David from Sternhold and Hopkins.

The two sacred Odes I designed not to have made publick now, forasmuch as they might seem unfit to appear among Subjects of this nature, and were intended to come forth apart hereafter in company of others of their own kind. But, having suffer'd Copies of them to straggle abroad in Manuscript, and remembring the Fate of some other Pieces of mine, which have formerly stohn into the Press without my leave, or knowledg, and be exposed to the world abominably false and uncorrect; to prevent the same misfortune likely enough to befall these, I have been persuaded to yield my consent to their Publishing

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amongst the rest. Nor is the Printing of such Miscellanies altogether so unpresidented, but that it may be seen in the Editions of Dr. Donne, and Mr. Cowley's Works, whether done by their own appointment, or the sole direction of the Stationers, I am not able to determine.

As for the two Essays out of Greek, they were occasioned by a report, that some persons found fault with the roughness of my Satyrs formerly published, tho, upon what ground they should do it, I could be glad to be informed. Unless I am mistaken, there are not many Lines but will endure the reading without shocking any Hearer, that is not too nice, and censorious. I confess, I did not so much mind the Cadence, as the Sense and expressiveness of my words, and therefore chose not those, which were best disposed to placing themselves in Rhyme, but rather the most keen, and tuant, as being the most suitable to my Argument. And certainly no one that pretends to distinguish the several Colours of Poetry, would expect that Juvenal, when he is lashing of Vice and Villany, should flow so smoothly, as Ovid, or Tibullus, when they are describing Amours and Gallantries, and have nothing to disturb and ruffle the evenness of their Stile.

Howbeit, to shew that the way I took, was out of choice, not want of judgment, and that my Genius is not wholly incapable of performing upon more gay and agreeable Subjects, if my humour inclined me to exercise it, I have pitch'd upon these two, which the greatest men of sense have allowed to be some of the softest and tenderest of all Antiquity. Nay, if we
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will believe Rapine, one of the best Criticks which these latter Ages have produced; they have no other fault, than that they are too exquisitely delicate for the Character of Pastoral, which should not seem too labour'd, and whose chief beauty is an unaffected air of plainness and simplicity.

That, which laments the Death of Adonis has been attempted in Latine by several great Masters, namely, Vulcanius, Douza, and Monsieur le Fevre. The last of them has done it Paraphrastically, but left good part of the Poem toward the latter end untouch'd, perhaps because he thought it not so capable of Ornament, as the rest. Him I chiefly chose to follow, as being most agreeable to my way of translating, and where I was at a loss for want of his guidance, I was content to steer by my own Fancy.

The Translation of that upon Bion was begun by another Hand, as far as the first fifteen Verses, but who was the Author I could never yet learn. I have been told that they were done by the Earl of Rochester; but I could not well believe it, both because he seldom medled with such Subjects, and more especially by reason of an uncorrect line, or two to be found amongst them, at their first coming to my hands, which never us'd to flow from his excellent Pen. Conceiving it to be in the Original, a piece of as much Art, Grace, and Tendernefs, as perhaps was ever offered to the Ashes of a Poet, I thought fit to dedicate it to the memory of that incomparable Person, of whom nothing can be said, or thought so choice and curious, which his Deserts do not surmount. If it be thought mean to have borrowed the sense of another to praise him

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in, yet at least it argues at the same time a value and reverence, that I durst not think any thing of my own good enough for his Commendation.

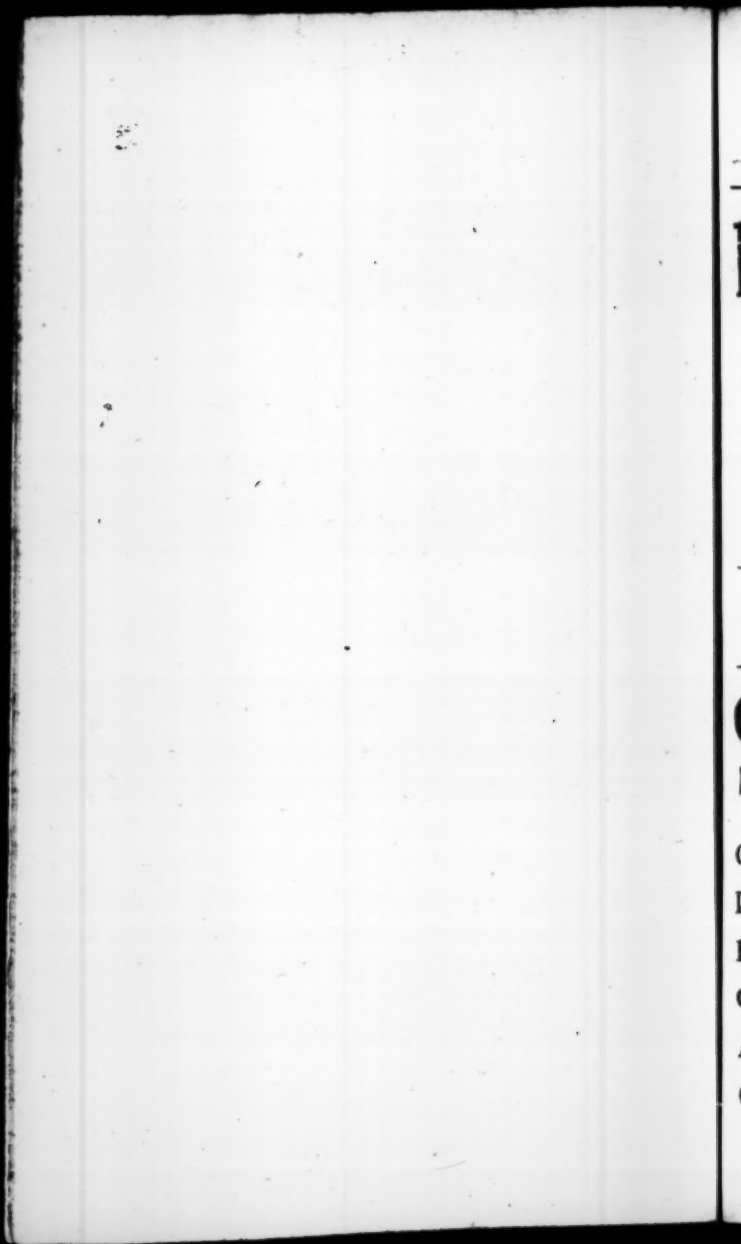
This is all, which I judg material to be said of these following Resveries. As for what others are to be found in the parcel, I reckon them not worth mentioning in particular, but leave them wholly open and unguarded to the mercy of the Reader; let him make his Attaques how, and where he please.

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HORACE

His ART of
POETRY,

Imitated in *English*.

Address'd by way of Letter to a Friend.

SHould some ill Painter in a wild design
To a mans Head an Horses shoulders joyn,
Or Fishes Tail to a fair Womans Waste,
Or draw the Limbs of many a different Beast,
Ill match'd, and with as motly Feathers drest;
If you by chance were to pass by his Shop;
Could you forbear from laughing at the Fop,
And not believe him whimsical, or mad?
Credit me, Sir, that Book is quite as bad,

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As

As worthy laughter, which throughout is fill'd
 With monstrous inconsistencies, more vain, and wild
 Than sick mens Dreams, whose neither head, nor tail,
 Nor any parts in due proportion fall.
 But 'twill be said, *None ever did deny*
Painters and Poets their free liberty
Of feigning anything: We grant it true,
 And the same privilege crave and allow:
 But to mix natures clearly opposite,
 To make the Serpent and the Dove unite,
 Or Lambs from savage Tygers seek defence,
 Shocks Reason, and the Rules of common Sense.

Some, who would have us think they meant to
 treat

At first on Arguments of greatest weight,
 Are proud, when here and there a glittering line
 Does through the mass of their coarse rubbish shine:
 In gay digressions they delight to rove,
 Describing here a Temple, there a Grove,
 A Vale enamel'd o're with pleasant streams,
 A painted Rainbow, or the gliding *Thames*.

But

But how does this relate to their design?

Though good elsewhere, 'tis here but foisted in,

A common Dawber may perhaps have skill

To paint a Tavern Sign, or Landskip well:

But what is this to drawing of a Fight,

A Wrack, a Storm, or the *last Judgment* right?

When the fair Model, and Foundation shews,

That you some great *Escorial* would produce,

How comes it dwindled to a Cottage thus?

In fine, whatever work you mean to frame,

Be uniform, and every where the same,

Most Poets, Sir, ('tis easie to observe)

Into the worst of faults are apt to swerve

Through a false hope of reaching excellence:

Avoiding length, we often cramp our Sense,

And make't obscure; oft, when we'd have our stile

Easie, and flowing, lose its force the while:

Some, striving to surmount the common flight,

Soar up in airy Bombast out of sight.

Others, who fear to a bold pitch to trust

Themselves, lag low, and humbly sweep the dust:

And many fond of seeming marvellous,
 While they too carelessly transgress the Laws
 Of likelihood, most odd *Chimeras* feign,
 Dolphins in Woods, and Boars upon the Main.
 Thus they, who would take aim, but want the skill,
 Miss always, and shoot wide, or narrow still.

One of the meanest Workmen in the Town
 Can imitate the Nails, or Hair in Stone,
 And to the life enough perhaps, who yet
 Wants mastery to make the Work complete :
 Troth, Sir, if 'twere my fancy to compose,
 Rather than be this bungling wretch, I'd choose
 To wear a crooked and unsightly Nose
 Mongst other handsom features of a Face
 Which only would set off my ugliness.

Be sure all you that undertake to write,
 To chuse a Subject for your Genius fit :
 Try long and often what your Talents are ;
 What is the burthen, which your parts will bear,
 And where they'll fail : he that discerns with skill
 To cull his Argument, and matter well,

Will never be to seek for Eloquence
 To dress, or method to dispose his Sense.
 They the chief Art, and Grace in order show
 (If I may claim any pretence to know)
 Who time discreetly what's to be discours'd,
 What should be said at last, and what at first:
 Some passages at present may be heard,
 Others till afterward are best deferr'd:
 Verse, which disdains the Laws of History,
 Speaks things not as they are, but ought to be:
 Whoever will in Poetry excel,
 Must learn, and use this hidden secret well.
 'Tis next to be observ'd, that care is due,
 And sparingness in framing words anew:
 You shew your mast'ry, if you have the knack
 So to make use of what known word you take,
 To give't a newer sense: if there be need
 For some uncommon matter to be said;
 Pow'r of inventing terms may be allow'd,
 Which *Chaucer* and his Age ne're understood:

Provided always, as 'twas said before,

We seldom, and discreetly use that pow'r.

Words new and forein may be best brought in,

If borrow'd from a Language near akin:

Why should the peevish Criticks now forbid

To *Lee*, and *Dryden*, what was not deny'd

To *Shakespear*, *Ben*, and *Fletcher* heretofore,

For which they praise, and commendation bore?

If *Spencer's* Muse be justly so ador'd

For that rich copiousness, wherewith he stor'd

Our Native Tongue; for Gods sake why should I

Straight be thought arrogant; if modestly

I claim and use the self-same liberty?

This the just Right of Poets ever was,

And will be still, to coin what words they please,

Well fitted to the present Age, and Place,

Words with the Leaves of Trees a semblance hold

In this respect, where every year the old

Fall off, and new ones in their places grow;

Death is the Fate of all things here below :

Nature her self by Art has changes felt,
 The *Tangier* Mole (by our great *Monarch* built)
 Like a vast Bulwark in the Ocean set,
 From Pyrates and from Storms defends our Fleet :
 Fens every day are drain'd, and Men now Plow,
 And Sow, and Reap, where they before might Row,
 And Rivers have been taught by *Middleton*
 From their old course within new Banks to run,
 And pay their useful Tribute to the Town. }
 If Mans and Natures works submit to Fate,
 Much less must words expect a lasting date :
 Many which we approve for currant now,
 In the next Age out of request shall grow :
 And others which are now thrown out of doors,
 Shall be reviv'd, and come again in force, (draw,
 If custom please : from whence their vogue they
 Which of our Speech is the sole Judg, and Law.

Homer first shew'd us in Heroick strains
 To write of Wars, of Battles and Campaigns,
 Kings and great Leaders, mighty in Renown,
 And him we still for our chief Pattern own,

Soft

Soft Elegy, design'd for grief, and tears,
 Was first devis'd to grace some mournful Herse:
 Since to a brisker note 'tis taught to move,
 And cloaths our gayest Passions, Joy, and Love.
 But, who was first Inventer of the kind,
 Criticks have sought, but never yet could find.
 Gods, Heroes, Warriors, and the lofty praise
 Of peaceful Conquerors in *Pisa's* Race,
 The Mirth and Joys, which Love and Wine
 produce,
 With other wanton sallies of a Muse,
 The stately Ode does for its Subjects choose.

Archilochus to vent his Gall and spite,
 In keen Iambicks first was known to write:
 Dramatick Authors us'd this sort of Verse
 On all the *Greek* and *Roman* Theaters,
 As for Discourse and Conversation fit,
 And apt't to drown the noises of the Pit,

If I discern not the true stile and air,
 Nor how to give the proper Character

To every kind of work ; how dare I claim,
And challenge to my self a Poets Name ?

And why had I with awkward modesty,
Rather than learn, always unskilful be ?

Volpone and *Morose* will not admit

Of *Catiline's* high strains, nor is it fit

To make *Sejanus* on the Stage appear

In the low dress, which Comick persons wear.

What e're the Subject be, on which you write,

Give each thing its due place, and time aright :

Yet Comedy sometimes may raise her stile,

And angry *Chremes* is allow'd to swell,

And Tragedy alike sometimes has leave

To throw off Majesty, when 'tis to grieve :

Peleus and *Telephus* in misery,

Lay their big words, and blust'ring language by,

If they expect to make their Audience cry.

'Tis not enough to have your Plays succeed ;

That they be elegant : they must not need

Those warm and moving touches which impart
A kind concernment to each Hearers heart,
And ravish it which way they please with art.
Where Joy and Sorrow put on good disguise,
Ours with the persons looks straight sympathize :
Would'st have me weep ? thy self must first begin :
Then, *Telephus*, to pity I incline,
And think thy case, and all thy sufferings mine ;
But if thou'rt made to act thy part amiss,
I can't forbear to sleep, or laugh, or hiss,
Let words express the looks, which speakers wear ;
Sad, fit a mournful, and dejected air ;
The passionate must huff, and storm, and rave ;
The gay be pleasant, and the serious grave.
For Nature works, and moulds our Frame within,
To take all manner of Impressions in.
Now makes us hot, and ready to take fire,
Now hope, now joy, now sorrow does inspire,
And all these passions in our face appear,
Of which the Tongue is sole interpreter :

But he whose words, and Fortunes do not suit,
By Pit and Gall'ry both, is hooted out.

Observe what Characters your persons fit,
Whether the Master speak, or *Todelet* :
Whether a man, that's elderly in growth,
Or a brisk Hotspur in his boiling youth :
A roaring Bully, or a shirking Cheat,
A Court-bred Lady, or a tawdry Cit :
A prating Gossip, or a jilting Whore,
A travell'd Merchant, or an home spun Boor :
Spaniard, or French, Italian, Dutch, or Dane ;
Native of *Turky, India, or Japan.*

Either from History your persons take,
Or let them nothing inconsistent speak :
If you bring great *Achilles* on the Stage,
Let him be fierce and brave, all heat and rage,
Inflexible, and head-strong to all Laws,
But those, which Arms and his own will impose.
Cruel *Medea* must no pity have,
Ixion must be treacherous, *Ino* grieve,
Io must wander, and *Orestes* rave,

But

But if you dare to tread in paths unknown,
And boldly start new persons of your own ;
Be sure to make them in one strain agree,
And let the end like the beginning be.

'Tis difficult for Writers to succeed
On Arguments, which none before have tri'd :
The *Iliad*, or the *Odyffee* with ease
Will better furnish Subjects for your Plays,
Than that you should your own Invention trust,
And broach unheard-of things your self the first.
In copying others works, to make them pass,
And seem your own, let these few Rules take place :
When you some of their Story represent,
Take care that you new Episodes invent :
Be not too nice the Authors words to trace,
But vary all with a fresh air, and grace ;
Nor such strict rules of imitation choose,
Which you must still be tied to follow close,
Or forc'd to a retreat for want of room,
Give over, and ridiculous become:

Do not like that affected Fool begin,

King Priam's Fate, and Troy's fam'd War, I sing.

What will this mighty Promiser produce ?

You look for Mountains, and out creeps a Mouse.

How short is this of *Homer's* fine Address,

And Art, whone're says any thing amiss ?

Muse, speak the man, Who since Troy's laying waste }

Into such numerous Dangers has been cast, }

So many Towns, and various People past : }

He does not lavish at a blaze his Fire,

To glare a while, and in a Snuff expire :

But modesty at first conceals his light,

In dazling wonders, then breaks forth to fight ;

Surprizes you with Miracles all o're,

Makes dreadful *Scylla* and *Charybdis* roar,

Cyclops, and bloudy *Lestrygons* devour : }

Nor does he time in long Preambles spend,

Describing *Meleager's* ruful end,

When he's of *Diomed's* return to treat ; }

Nor when he would the *Trojan* War relate,

The Tale of brooding *Leda's* Eggs repeat. }

But

But still to the design'd event hastes on,
And at first dash, as if before'twere known;
Embarques you in the middle of the Plot,
And what is unimprovable leaves out,
And mixes Truth and Fiction skilfully,
That nothing in the whole may disagree.

Who e're you are, that set your selves to write;
If you expect to have your Audience sit
Till the fifth Act be done, and Curtain fall;
Mind what Instructions I shall further tell:
Our Guise, and Manners alter with our Age,
And such they must be brought upon the Stage.

A Child, who newly has to Speech attain'd,
And now can go without the Nurfes hand,
To play with those of his own growth is pleas'd,
Suddenly angry, and as soon appeas'd,
Fond of new Trifles, and as quickly cloy'd,
And loaths next hour what he the last enjoy'd.

The beardless Youth from Pedagogue got loose;
Does Dogs and Horses for his pleasures choose;

Yielding, and soft to every print of vice,
 Resty to those who would his faults chastise,
 Careless of Profit, of expences vain,
 Haughty, and eager his desires t' obtain.
 And swift to quit the same desires again.

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Those, who to manly years, and sense are grown,
 Seek Wealth and Friendship, Honour and Renown:
 And are discreet, and fearful how to act
 What after they must alter and correct.

Diseases, Ills, and Troubles numberless
 Attend old Men, and with their Age increase:
 In painful toil they spend their wretched years,
 Still heaping Wealth, and with that wealth new
 Fond to possess, and fearful to enjoy, (cares:
 Slow, and suspicious in their managry;
 Full of Delays, and Hopes, lovers of ease,
 Greedy of life, morose, and hard to please,
 Envious at Pleasures of the young and gay,
 Where they themselves now want a stock to play;
 Ill natur'd Censors of the present Age,
 And what has past since they have quit the Stage:

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But loud Admirers of Queen *Besse's* time,
And what was done when they were in their prime.

Thus, what our tide of flowing years brings in,
Still with our ebb of life goes out agen :
The humors of Fourscore will never hit
One of Fifteen, nor a Boy's part besit
A full-grown man : it shews no mean Address,
If you the tempers of each Age express.

Some things are best to act, others to tell ;
Those by the ear convey'd, do not so well,
Nor half so movingly affect the mind,
As what we to our eyes presented find.
Yet there are many things, which should not come
In view, nor pass beyond the Tiring Room :
Which, after in expressive Language told,
Shall please the Audience more, than to behold :
Let not *Medea* shew her fatal rage,
And cut her Childrens Throats upon the Stage :
Nor *Oedipus* tear out his eye-balls there,
Nor bloody *Atreus* his dire Feast prepare :

Cadmus, nor *Progn* their odd changes take;
This to a Bird, the other to a Snake :
Whatever so incredible you show,
Shocks my Belief, and straight does nauseous
grow.

Five Acts, no more, nor less, your Play must have;
If you'll an handsom Third Days share receive.

Let not a God be summon'd to attend
On a slight errand, nor on Wire descend,
Unless th' importance of the Plot engage ;
And let but Three at once speak on the Stage;

Be sure to make the *Chorus* still promote
The chief Intrigue and business of the Plot :
Betwixt the Acts there must be nothing Sung;
Which does not to the main Design belong :
The praises of the Good must here be told;
The Passions curb'd, and foes of Vice extoll'd :
Here Thrift and Temperance, and wholesome
Laws,
Strict Justice, and the gentle calms of Peace
Must have their Commendations, and Applause :

And Prayers must be sent to Heaven to guide
Blind Fortunes blessings to the juster side,
To raise the Poor, and lower prosp'rous Pride.

At first the Musick of our Stage was rude,
Whilst in the *Cock-Pit* and *Black Friars* it stood :
And this might please enough in former Reigns,
A thrifty, thin, and bashful Audience :
When *Buffy d' Ambois* and his Fustian took,
And men were ravish'd with *Queen Gordobuc*.
But since our Monarch by kind Heaven sent,
Brought back the Arts with him from Banishment,
And by his gentle influence gave increase
To all the harmless Luxuries of peace :
Favour'd by him, our Stage has flourish'd too,
And every day in outward splendor grew :
In Musick, Song, and Dance of every kind,
And all the grace of Action 'tis refin'd ;
And since that Opera's at length came in,
Our Players have so well improv'd the Scene
With gallantry of Habit, and Machine ,

As makes our Theater in Glory vie
With the best Ages of Antiquity :
And mighty *Roscius* were he living now,
Would envy both our Stage, and Acting too.

Those, who did first in Tragedy essay
(When a vile Goat was all the Poets day)
Us'd to allay their Subjects gravity
With enterludes of Mirth, and Raillery :
Here they brought rough, and naked Satyrs in,
Whose Farce-like Gesture, Motion, Speech, and Meen

Resemble those of modern *Harlequin*.
Because such antick Tricks, and odd grimace,
After their drunken Feasts on Holidays,
The giddy and hot-headed Rout would please :
As the wild Feats of *Merry Andrews* now
Divert the senseless Crowd at *Bartholmew*.

But he, that would in this Mock-way excel,
And exercise the Art of Railing well,
Had need with diligence observe this Rule
In turning serious things to ridicule :

If he an Hero, or a God bring in,
With Kingly Robes and Scepter lately seen,
Let them not speak, like Burlesque Characters,
The wit of *Billingsgate* and *Temple-stairs* :
Nor, while they of those meannesses beware,
In tearing lines of *Bajazet* appear.
Majestick Tragedy as much disdains
To condescend to low, and trivial strains :
As a Court-Lady thinks her self disgrac'd
To Dance with Dowdies at a May-pole-Feast.

If in this kind you will attempt to write,
You must no broad and clownish words admit ;
Nor must you so confound your Characters,
As not to mind what person 'tis appears.
Take a known Subject, and invent it well,
And let your stile be smooth and natural :
Though others think it easie to attain,
They'l find it hard, and imitate in vain :
So much does method and connexion grace
The common'st things, the plainest matters raise.

In my opinion 'tis absurd and odd,

To make wild Satyrs, coming from the Wood,

Speak the ~~fine~~ Language of the *Park* and *Mall*,

As if they had their Training at *Whitehall* :

Yet, tho I would not have their Words too quaint,

Much less can I allow them impudent :

For men of Breeding, and of Quality

Must needs be ~~shock'd~~ with fulsom Ribaldry :

Which, though it pass the Footboy and the Cit,

Is always nauseous to the Box, and Pit.

There are but few, who have such skilful ears

To judg of artless, and ill-measured Verse.

This till of late was hardly understood,

And still there's too much liberty allow'd.

But will you therefore be so much a fool

To write at random, and neglect a Rule ?

Or, while your faults are set to general view,

Hope all men should be blind, or pardon you ?

Who would not such fool-hardiness condemn,

Where, tho perchance you may escape from blame,

Yet praise you never can expect, or claim ?

Therefore be sure your study to apply
 To the great patterns of Antiquity :
 Ne're lay the Greeks and Romans out of sight,
 Ply them by day, and think on them by night.
 Rough hobbling numbers were allow'd for Rhime,
 And clench for deep conceit in former time :
 With too much patience (not to call it worse)
 Both were applauded in our Ancestors :
 If you, or I have sense to judg aright
 Betwixt a Quibble, and true sterling Wit :
 Or ear enough to give the difference
 Of sweet well-sounding Verse from doggrel strains.

Thespis ('tis said) did Tragedy devise,
 Unknown before, and rude at its first rise :
 In Carts the Gypsie Actors strowl'd about,
 With faces smear'd with Lees of Wine and Soot,
 And through the Towns amus'd the wondring
 rout
 Till *Æschylus* appearing to the Age,
 Contriv'd a Play-house, and convenient Stage.

Found out the use of Vizards, and a Dress
 (An handfomer, and more gentile Disguise)
 And taught the Actors with a stately Air,
 And Meen to speak, and Tread, and whatsoe're
 Gave Port, and grandeur to the Theater.

Next this succeeded ancient Comedy,
 With good applause, till too much liberty
 Usurp'd by Writers had debauch'd the Stage,
 And made it grow the Grievance of the Age:
 No merit was secure, no person free
 From its licentious Buffoonery:
 Till for redress the Magistrate was fain
 By Law those Insolencies to restrain.

Our Authors in each kind their praise may claim,
 Who leave no paths untrod, that lead to fame:
 And well they merit it, who scorn'd to be
 So much the Vassals of Antiquity,
 As those, who know no better than to cloy
 With the old musty Tales of *Thebes* and *Troy*:
 But boldly the dull beaten track forsook,
 And Subjects from our Country story took,

Not

Nor would our Nation less in Wit appear,
 Than in its great performances of War;
 Were there encouragements to bribe our care,
 Would we to file, and finish spare the pains,
 And add but justness to our manly sense.
 But, Sir, let nothing tempt you to bely
 Your skill, and judgment, by mean flattery:
 Never pretend to like a piece of Wit,
 But what, you're certain, is correctly writ:
 But what has stood all Tests, and is allow'd
 By all to be unquestionably good.

Because some wild Enthusiasts there be
 Who bar the Rules of Art in Poetry.
 Would have it rapture all, and scarce admit
 A man of sober sense to be a Wit;
 Others by this conceit have been misled
 So much, that they're grown sturably mad:
 The Sots affect to be retir'd alone,
 Court Solitude and Conversation shun,
 In dirty Cloaths, and a wild Garb appear,
 And scarce are brought to cut their Nails and Hair,
 And

And hope to purchace credit and esteem,
When they, like *Cromwel's Porter*, frammick seem,
Strange! that the very height of Lunacy,
Beyond the cure of *Allen*, e're should be
A mark of the Elect in Poetry.

How much an Afs am I that us'd to Bleed,
And take a Purge each Spring to clear my Head :

None otherwile would be so good as I,

At lofty strains, and rants of Poetry :]

But, faith, I am not yet so fond of Fame,

To lose my Reason for a Poets name.

Tho I my self am not dispos'd to write;

In others I may serve to sharpen Wit :

Acquaint them what a Poet's duty is,

And how he shall perform it with success :

Whence the materials for his work are sought,

And how with skilful Art they must be wrought :

And shew what is and is not decency,

And where his faults and excellencies lie.

Good sense must be the certain standard still

To all that will pretend to writing well :

If

If you'll arrive at that, you needs must be
 Well vers'd and grounded in Philosophy:
 Then choose a Subject, which you throughly know,
 And words unsought thereon will easie flow.
 Whoe're will write, must diligently mind
 The severall sorts and ranks of humane kind:
 He that has learnt, what to his Country's due,
 What we to Parents, Friends, and Kindred owe,
 What charge a Statesman, or a Judg does bear,
 And what the parts of a Commander are;
 Will never be at loss (he may be sure)
 To give each person their due portraiture.
 Take humane life for your original,
 Keep but your Draughts to that, you'll never fail.
 Sometimes in Plays, though else but badly writ
 With nought of Force, or Grace, of Art, or Wit,
 Some one well humour'd Character we meet,
 That takes us more than all the empty Scenes,
 And jingling toys of more elaborate Pens.

Greece had command of Language, Wit and Sense,
 For cultivating which she spar'd no pains :

Glory

Glory her sole design, and all her aim

Was how to gain here felt immortal Fame :

Our *English* Youth another way are bred,

They're fitted for a Prentiship, and Trade,

And *Wingate's* all the Authors, which they've
read.

The Boy has been a year at Writing-School,

Has learnt Division, and the Golden Rule ;

Scholar enough ! cries the old doting Fool,

I'll hold a Piece, he'l prove an Alderman,

And come to sit at Church with's Furs and Chain.

This is the top design, the only praise,

And sole ambition of the booby Race :

While this base spirit in the Age does reign,

And men might nought but Wealth and sordid gain,

Can we expect or hope it should bring forth

A work in Poetry of any worth,

Fit for the learned *Bodley* to admit

Among its Sacred Monuments of Wit ?

A Poet should inform us, or divert,

But joyning both he shews his chiefest Art :

What.

Whatever Precepts you pretend to give,
Be sure to lay them down both clear and brief :
By that they're easier far to apprehend,
By this more faithfully preserv'd in mind :
All things superfluous are apt to cloy
The Judgment, and surcharge the Memory.

Let whatsoe'r of Fiction you bring in,
Be so like Truth, to seem at least akin :
Do not improbabilities conceive,
And hope to ram them into my belief :
Ne're make a Witch upon the Stage appear,
Riding enchanted Broomstick through the Air :
Nor Canibal a living Infant spew,
Which he had murder'd, and devour'd but now.
The graver sort dislike all Poetry,
Which does not (as they call it) edifice :
And youthful sparks as much that Wit dispise,
Which is not strew'd with pleasant Gaieties.
But he, that has the knack of mingling well
What is of use with what's agreeable,

That

That knows at once how to instruct and please,
Is justly crown'd by all mens suffrages :
These are the works, which valued every where,
Enrich *Paul's Church-yard* and the Stationer :
These admiration through all Nations claim,
And through all Ages spread their Author's Fame.

Yet there are faults wherewith we ought to
bear ;

An Instrument may sometimes chance to jar
In the best hand, in spite of all its care :
Nor have I known that skilful Marks-man yet
So fortunate, who never mist the White.

But where I many excellencies find,
I'm not so nicely critical to mind
Each slight mistake an Author may produce,
Which humane frailty justly may excuse.

Yet he, who having oft been taught to mend
A Fault, will still pursue it to the end,
Is like that scraping Fool, who the same Note
Is ever playing. and is ever out,

And

And silly as that bubble every whit,
Who at the self-same blot is always hit.
When such a lewd incorrigible sot
Lucks by meer chance upon some happy thought ;
Among such filthy trash, I vex to see't,
And wonder how (the Devil !) he came by't.
In works of bulk and length we now and then
May grant an Author to be overseen :
Homer himself, how sacred e're he is,
Yet claims not a pretence to Faultlesness.

Poems with Pictures a resemblance bear ;
Some (best at distance) shun a view too near :
Others are bolder, and stand off to sight ;
These love the shade, those choose the clearest light,
And dare the survey of the skilfull'st eyes:
Some once, and some ten thousand times will please.

Sir, though your self so much of knowledge own
In these affairs, that you can learn of none,
Yet mind this certain truth which I lay down :
Most Callings else do difference allow,
Where ordinary Parts, and Skill may do :

I've known Physicians, who respect might claim,
Tho they ne're rose to *Willis* his great fame:
And there are Preachers who have great renown.

Yet ne're come up to *Sprat*, or *Tillotson*:

And Counsellors, or Pleaders in the Hall

May have esteem, and practice, tho they fall

Far short of smooth-tongu'd *Finch* in Eloquence;

Tho they want *Selden's* Learning, *Vaughan's* sense,

But Verse alone does of no mean admit;

Who e're will please, must please us to the height:

He must a *Cowley* or a *Fleckno* be,

For there's no second Rate in Poetry:

A dull insipid Writer none can bear,

In every place he is the publick jeer,

And Lumber of the Shops and Stationer.

No man that understands to make a Feast,

With a coarse Dessert will offend his Guest,

Or bring ill Musick in to grate the ear,

Because 'tis what the entertain might spare:

'Tis the same case with those that deal in Wit,

Whose main design and end should be delight:

C

They

They must by this same sentence stand, or fall,
Be highly excellent, or not at all.

In all things else, save only Poetry,
Men shew some signs of common modesty :
You'l hardly find a Fencer so unwise,
Who at *Bear-garden* e're will fight a Prize,
Not having learnt before : nor at a Wake
One, that wants skill and strength, the Girdle take
Or be so vain the pond'rous Weight to sling,
For fear they should be his'd out of the Ring.
Yet every Coxcomb will pretend to Verse,
And write in spite of nature, and his Stars :
All sorts of Subjects challenge at this time
The Liberty, and Property of Rhime.
The Sot of honour, fond of being great
By something else than Title, and Estate,
As if a Patent gave him claim to sense,
Or 'twere entail'd with an Inheritance,
Believes a cast of Foot-boys, and a set
Of *Flanders* must advance him to a Wit

But you who have the judgment to descry
Where you excel, which way your Talents lie;
I'm sure, will never be induc'd to strain
Your Genius, or attempt against your vein.
Yet (this let me advise) if e're you write,
Let none of your composures see the light,
Till they've been thoroughly weigh'd, and past the
Test

Of all those Judges who are thought the best :
While in your Desk they're lock'd up from the
Press,

You've power to correct them as you please :
But when they once come forth to view of all,
Your Faults are Chronicled, and past recall.

Orpheus the first of the inspired Train,
By force of powerful numbers did restrain
Mankind from rage, and bloody cruelty,
And taught the barbarous world civility,
Hence rose the Fiction, which the Poets fram'd,
That Lions were by's tuneful Magick tam'd,

And Tygers, charm'd by his harmonious lays,
Grew gentle, and laid by their savageness :
Hence that, which of *Amphion* too they tell,
The pow'r of whose miraculous Lute could call
The well-plac'd stones into the *Theban* Wall.
Wondrous were the effects of primitive Verse,
Which settled and reform'd the Universe:
This did all things to their due ends reduce,
To publick, private, sacred, civil use :
Marriage for weighty causes was ordain'd,
That bridled lust, and lawless Love restrain'd :
Cities with Walls, and Rampiers were inclos'd,
And property with wholsom Laws dispos'd :
And bounds were fix'd of Equity and Right,
To guard weak Innocence from wrongful might.
Hence Poets have been held a sacred name,
And plac'd with first Rates in the Lists of Fame.
Next these, great *Homer* to the world appear'd,
Around the Globe his loud alarms were heard,
Which all the brave to war-like action fir'd :

And

And *Hesiod* after him with useful skill
 Gave Lessons to instruct the Plough-mans toil.
 Verse was the language of the gods of old,
 In which their sacred Oracles were told :
 In Verse were the first rules of vertue taught,
 And Doctrine thence, as now from Pulpits sought :
 By Verse some have the love of Princes gain'd,
 Who oft vouchsafe so to be entertain'd,
 And with a Muse their weighty cares unbend.
 Then think it no disparagement, dear Sir,
 To own your self a Member of that Quire,
 Whom Kings esteem, and Heaven does inspire.

Concerning Poets there has been contest,
 Whether they're made by Art, or Nature best :
 But if I may presume in this Affair,
 Amongst the rest my judgment to declare,
 No Art without a Genius will avail,
 And Parts without the help of Art will fail :
 But both Ingredients joyntly must unite
 To make the happy Character complete.

None at *New-market* ever won the Prize,
 But us'd his Airings, and his Exercise,
 His Courses and his Diets long before,
 And Wine, and Women for a time forbore :
 Nor is there any Singing-man, we know,
 Of good Repute in either *Chappel* now,
 But was a **Learner** once (he'l freely own)
 And by long Practice to that Skill has grown :
 But each conceited Dunce, without pretence
 To the least grain of Learning, Parts, or sense,
 Or any thing but harden'd impudence,
 Sets up for Poetry, and dares engage
 With all the topping Writers of the Age :
 " *Why should not he put in amongst the rest ?*
 " *Damn him ! he scorns to come behind the best :*
 " *Declares himself a Wit, and vows to draw*
 " *On the next man, who e're disowns him so.*

Scriblers of Quality who have Estate,
 To gain applauding Fools at any rate,
 Practise as many tricks as Shop-keepers
 To force a Trade, and put off naughty wares :

Some hire the House their Follies to expose,

And are at charge to be ridiculous:

Others with Wine, and Ordinaries treat

A needy Rabble to cry up their Wit:

'Tis strange, that such should the true difference find

Betwixt a spunging Knave and faithful Friend.

Take heed how you e're prostitute your sense

To such a fawning crew of Sycophants:

All signs of being pleas'd the Rogues will feign,

Wonder, and bless themselves at every line.

Swearing, "*'Tis soft! 'tis charming! 'tis Divine!*"

Here they'll look pale, as if surpriz'd, and there

In a disguise of grief squeeze out a tear:

Oft seem transported with a sudden joy,

Stamp and lift up their hands in extasie:

But, if by chance your back once turn'd appear,

You'll have 'em strait put out their tongues in jeer,

Or point, or gibe you with a scornful sneer.

As they who truly grieve at Funerals, shew

Less outward sorrow than hir'd mourners do;

So true Admirers less concernment wear
Before your face than the sham-Flatterer.

They tell of Kings, who never would admit
A Confident, or bosom-Favourite,
Till store of Wine had made his secrets float,
And by that means they'd found his temper out :
'Twere well if Poets knew some way like this,
How to discern their friends from enemies.

Had you consulted learned *Ben* of old,
He would your faults impartially have told :
“ *This Verse correction wants* (he would have
said)
“ *And so does this* : If you replied, you had
To little purpose several trials made ;
He presently would bid you strike a dash
On all, and put in better in the place :
But if he found you once a stubborn sot,
That would not be corrected in a fault ;
He would no more his pains and counsel spend
On an abandon'd Fool that scorn'd to mend ;

But bid you in the Devils name go on,
And hug your dear impertinence alone.

A trusty knowing Friend will boldly dare
To give his sense and judgment, wherefoe're
He sees a Fault: "*Here, Sir, good faith, you're*
low,

" And must some heightning on the place bestow:

" There, if you mind, the Rhime is harsh, and rough,

" And should be soft'ned to go smoothlier off:

" Your strokes are here of Varnish left too bare,

" Your Colours there too thick laid on appear:

" Your Metaphor is coarse, that Phrase not pure,

" This Word improper, and that sense obscure.

In fine, you'l find him a strict Censurer,

That will not your least negligences spare

Through a vain fear of disobliging you:

They are but slight, and trivial things, 'tis true:

Yet these same Trifles (take a Poets word)

Matter of high importance will afford,

When e're by means of them you come to be
Expos'd to Laughter, Scorn, and Infamy.

Not those with *Lord have mercy* on their doors,
Venom of Adders, or infected Whores,
Are dreaded worse by men of sense, and Wit,
Than a mad Scribler in his raving fit :
Like Dog, whose tail is pegg'd into a bone,
The hooting Rabble all about the Town,
Pursue the Cur, and pelt him up and down. }
Should this poor Frantick, as he pass'd along,
Intent on's Rhiming work amidst the throng,
Into *Fleet-Ditch*, or some deep Cellar fall, }
And till he rent his throat for succour bawl,
No one would lend an helping hand at call :
For who (the *Plague!*) could guess at his design,
Whether he did not for the nonce drop in ?
I'd tell you, Sir, but questioniefs you've heard
Of the odd end of a *Sicilian* Bard :
Fond to be deem'd a god, this fool (it seems)
In's fit leapt headlong into *Ætna's* Flames.

Troth,

Troth, I could be content an Act might pass,
Such Poets should have leave, when e're they
 please,

To die, and rid us of our Grievances,

A God's name let 'em hang, or drown, or choose
What other way they will themselves dispose,
Why should we life against their wills impose?

Might that same fool I mention'd, now revive,
He would not be reclaim'd, I dare believe,
But soon be playing his old freaks again,
And still the same capricious hopes retain.

'Tis hard to guess, and harder to alledg
Whether for Parricide, or Sacriledg,
Or some more strange, unknown, and horrid crime,
Done in their own, or their Fore-fathers time,
These scribbling Wretches have been damn'd to
 Rhime:

But certain 'tis, for such a crack-braind Race
Bedlam, or *Hogsdon* is the fittest place:
Without their Keepers you had better choose
To meet the Lions of the *Tower* broke loose,

Than these wild savage Rhymers in the street,
Who with their Verses worry all they meet :
In vain you would release your self; so close
The Leeches cleave, that there's no getting loose.
Remorseless they to no entreaties yield,
Till you are with inhumane non-sense kill'd,

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An Imitation of

HORACE.

BOOK I. SATYR IX.

Written in June, 1681.

Ibam fortè viâ sacrâ, &c.

AS I was walking in the *Mall* of late,
 Alone, and musing on I know not what ;
 Comes a familiar Fop, whom hardly I
 Knew by his name, and rudely seizes me :
Dear Sir, I'm mighty glad to meet with you :
And pray, how have you done this Age, or two ?
" Well I thank God (said I) as times are now :
" I wish the same to you. And so pass'd on,
 Hoping with this the Coxcomb would be gone.

But

But when I saw I could not thus get free;
I ask'd, what business else he had with me ?

Sir (answered he) *If Learning, Parts, or Sense
Merit your friendship; I have just pretence.*

" I honour you (said I) *upon that score,*

" And shall be glad to serve you to my power.

Mean time, wild to get loose, I try all ways
To shake him off: Sometimes I walk apace,
Sometimes stand still: I frown, I chafe, I fret,
Shrug, turn my back, as in the *Baigno*, sweat:
And shew all kind of signs to make him guess
At my impatience, and uneasiness.

" Happy the folk in Newgate! (whisper'd I)

" Who, tho in Chains are from this torment free :

" Wou'd I were like rough Manly in the Play,

" To send Impertinents with kicks away. !

He all the while baits me with tedious chat,
Speaks much about the drought, and how the rate
Of Hay is rais'd, and what it now goes at :
Tells me of a new Comet at the *Hague*,
Portending God knows what, a Dearth, or Plague :
Names

Names every Wench, that passes through the Park,
How much she is allow'd, and who the Spark,
That keeps her : points, who lately got a Clap,
And who at the *Groom-Porters* had ill hap
Three nights ago in play with such a Lord :
When he observ'd, I minded not a word,
And did no answer to his trash afford ;

Sir, I perceive you stand on Thorns (said he)
And fain would part : but, faith, it must not be :
Come, let us take a Bottle. (I cried) " No ;
" *Sir, I am in a Course, and dare not now.*
Then tell me whether you desire to go :

I'll wait upon you. " Oh ! *Sir,* 'tis too far :
" *I visit cross the Water : therefore spare*
" *Your needleß trouble. Trouble ! Sir,* 'tis none :
'Tis more by half to leave you here alone.

I have no present business to attend,
At least which I'll not quit for such a Friend :
Tell me not of the distance : for I vow,
I'll cut the Line, double the Cape for you,

Good faith, I will not leave you : make no words ;

Go you to Lambeth ? Is it to my Lords ?

His Steward I most intimately know,

Have often drunk with his Comptroller too.

By this I found my Wheadle would not pass,

But rather serv'd my sufferings to increase :

And seeing 'twas in vain to vex, or fret,

I patiently submitted to my Fate.

Strait he begins again : Sir, if you knew

My worth but half so thoroughly as I do ;

I'm sure, you would not value any Friend

You have, like me : but that I won't commend

My self, and my own Talents ; I might tell

How many ways to wonder I excel.

None has a greater gift in Poetry,

Or writes more Verses with more ease than I :

I'm grown the envy of the men of Wit,

I kill'd ev'n Rochester with grief, and spight :

Next for the Dancing part I all surpass,

St. Andrew never mov'd with such a grace :

*And 'tis well known, when e're I sing, or set,
Humphreys, nor Blow could ever match me yet.*

Here I got room to interrupt : " *Have you
" A Mother, Sir, or Kindred living now?
Not one : they are all dead. " Troth, so I guesst :
" The happier they (said I) who are at rest.
" Poor I am only left unmurder'd yet :
" Haste, I beseech you, and dispatch me quite :
" For I am well convinc'd, my time is come :
" When I was young, a Gypsie told my doom :
This Lad (said she, and look'd upon my hand)
Shall not by Sword, or Poyson come to's end,
Nor by the Fever, Dropfie, Gout, or Stone,
But he shall die by an eternal Tongue :
Therefore, when he's grown up, if he be wise,
Let him avoid great Talkers, I advise.*

By this time we were got to Westminster,
Where he by chance a Trial had to hear,
And, if he were not there, his Cause must fall :
Sir, if you love me, step into the Hall

For one half hour, "The Devil take me now,

"Said I) if I know any thing of Law: }
 "Besides I told you whitber I'm to go. }

Hereat he made a stand, pull'd down his Hat

Over his eyes, and mus'd in deep debate:

I'm in a straight (said he) what I shall do:

Whether forsake my business, Sir, or you.

"Me by all means (say I) No (says my Sot)

I fear you'll take it ill, If I should do't:

I'm sure, you will. "Not I, by all that's good,

But I've more breeding, than to be so rude.

"Pray, don't neglect your own concerns for me: }

"Your Cause, good Sir! My Cause be damn'd (says he) }

I value't less than your dear Company. }

With this he came up to me, and would lead

The way; I sneaking after hung my head.

Next he begins to plague me with the Plot,

Asks, whether I were known to Oats or not?

"Not I, thank Heaven! I no Priest have been: Ay

"Have never Doway, nor St. Omers seen, H

What think you, Sir ; will they Fitz-Harris try ?

Will he die, think you ? Tes, most certainly.

I mean, be hang'd. " Would thou wert so (wish'd I.)

Religion came in next ; tho he'd no more

Than the French King, his Punk, or Confessor.

Oh ! the sad times, if once the King should die !

Sir, are you not afraid of Popery ?

" No more than my Superiors : why should I ?

" I've no Estate in Abby-Lands to lose,

But Fire, and Faggot, Sir, how like you those ?

" Come Inquisition, any thing (thought I)

" So Heav'n would bless me to get rid of thee :

" But 'tis some comfort, that my Hell is here :

" I need no punishment hereafter fear.

Scarce had I thought, but he falls on anew

How stands it, Sir, betwixt his Grace, and you ?

" Sir, he's a man of sense above the Crowd,

" And shuns the Converse of a Multitude.

Ay, Sir, (Says he) you're happy, who are near

His Grace, and have the favour of his ear :

But let me tell you, if you'll recommend

This person here, your point will soon be gain'd.

Gad, Sir, I'll die, if my own single Wit

Don't Fob his Minions, and displace 'em quite.

And make your self his only Favourite.

" No, you are out abundantly (said I)

" We live not, as you think: no Family

" Throughout the whole three Kingdoms is more free

" From those ill Customs, which are us'd to swarm

" In great mens houses; none e're does me harm,

" Because more Learned, or more Rich, than I:

" But each man keeps his Place, and his Degree.

'Tis mighty strange (says he) what you relate,

" But nothing truer, take my word for that.

You make me long to be admitted too

Amongst his Creatures: Sir, I beg, that you

Will stand my Friend: Your Interest is such,

You may prevail, I'm sure, you can do much.

He's one, that may be won upon, I've heard,

Tho at the first approach access be hard.

*I'll spare no trouble of my own, or Friends,
Nocost in Fees, and Bribes to gain my ends :
I'll seek all opportunities to meet
With him, accost him in the very street :
Hang on his Coach, and wait upon him home,
Fawn, Scrape and Cringe to him, nay, to his Groom.
Faith, Sir, this must be done, If we'll be great :
Preferment comes not at a cheaper rate.*

While at this Savage rate he worried me;
By chance a Doctor, my dear Friend came by,
That knew the Fellow's humour passing well :
Glad of the sight, I joyn him ; we stand still :
Whence came you, Sir ? and whither go you now ?
And such like questions pass'd betwixt us two :
Strait I begin to pull him by the sleeve,
Nod, wink upon him, touch my Nose, and give
A thousand hints, to let him know, that I
Needed his help for my delivery :
He, naughty Wag, with an Arch fleering smile
Seems ignorant of what I mean the while ;

I grow stark wild with rage. " Sir, said not you,

" You'd somewhat to discourse, not long ago,

" With me in private? I remember't well:

Some other time, be sure, I will not fail:

Now I am in great haste upon my word:

A Messenger came for me from a Lord,

That's in a bad condition, like to die.

" Oh! Sir, he can't be in a worse, than I:

" Therefore for God's sake do not stir from hence,

Sweet Sir! your pardon: 'tis of consequence:

I hope you're kinder than to press my stay,

Which may be Heav'n knows what out of my way.

This said, he left me to my murderer:

Seeing no hopes of my relief appear;

" Confounded be the Stars (said I) that sway'd

" This fatal day! would I had kept my Bed

" With sickness, rather than been visited

" With this worse Plague! what ill have I ere done

" To pull this curse, this heavy Judgment down?

While I was thus lamenting my ill hap,

Comes aid at length: a brace of Bailiffs clap

The Rascal on the back : " *Here take your Fees,*

" *Kind Gentlemen (said I) for my release.*

He would have had me Bail. " *Excuse me, Sir,*

" *I've made a Vow ne're to be Surety more :*

" *My Father was undone by't heretofore.*

Thus I got off, and bless'd the Fates that he

Was Pris'ner made, I set at liberty.

D 4

Para-

Paraphrase upon
HORACE.

BOOK I. ODE XXXI.

*Quid dedicatum poscit Apollinem
 Vate? &c. —*

I.

WHat does the Poet's modest Wish re-
 quire?

What Boon does he of gracious Heav'n desire?

Not the large Corps of *Esham's* goodly Soil,

Which tire the Mower's, and the Reaper's toil;

Not the soft Flocks, on hilly *Cotswold* fed,

Nor *Lemster* Fields with living Fleeces clad:

He does not ask the Grounds, where gentle
Thames,

Or *Severn* spread their fat'ning Streams.

Where

Where they with wanton windings play,
 And eat their widen'd Banks insensibly away :
 He does not ask the Wealth of *Lombard-street*,
 Which Consciences, and Souls are pawn'd to get.
 Nor those exhaustless Mines of Gold,
 Which *Gwinny* and *Peru* in their rich bosoms hold.

2.

Let those that live in the *Canary Isles*,
 On which indulgent Nature ever smiles,
 Take pleasure in their plentiful Vintages,
 And from the juicy Grape its racy Liquor press :
 Let wealthy Merchants, when they Dine,
 Run o're their costly names of Wine,
 Their Chests of *Florence*, and their *Mont-
 Alchine*.
 Their *Mants*, *Champagns*, *Chablees*, *Frontiniacks* tell,
 Their Aums of *Hock*, of *Backrag* and *Moselle* :
 He envies not their Luxury
 Which they with so much pains, and danger
 buy :

For which so many Storms, and Wrecks they
bear,

For which they pass the *Streights* so oft each
year,

And scape so narrowly the Bondage of *Argier*.

3.

He wants no *Cyprus* Birds, nor *Ortolans*,

Nor Dainties fetch'd from far to please his Sense,

Cheap wholsom Herbs content his frugal
Board.

The food of unsaln Innocence,

Which the mean'st Village Garden does afford :

Grant him, kind Heav'n, the sum of his desires,

What Nature, not what Luxury requires :

He only does a Competency claim,

And, when he has it, wit to use the same :

Grant him sound Health, impair'd by no Dis-
ease,

Nor by his own Excess :

Let him in strength of Mind, and Body live,

But not his Reason, nor his Sense survive :

His

His Age (if Age he e're must live to see)

Let it from want, Contempt, and Care be free.

But not from Mirth, and the delights of Poetry,

Grant him but this, he's amply satisfi'd,

And scorns whatever Fate can give beside.

Para-

Paraphrase upon
HORACE.

BOOK II. ODE XIV.

*Eheu fugaces, Posthume, Posthume,
 Labuntur anni, &c.*

I.

A Las! dear Friend, alas! time hastes away,
 Nor is it in our pow'r to bribe its stay:

The rolling years with constant motion run,
 Lo! while I speak, the present minute's gone,
 And following hours urge the foregoing on.

'Tis not thy Wealth, 'tis not thy Power,
 'Tis not thy Piety can thee secure:

They're all too feeble to withstand
 Grey Hairs, approaching Age, and thy avoidless end.
When

When once thy fatal Glass is run,
When once thy utmost Thread is spun,
Twill then be fruitless to expect Reprieve:
Could'st thou ten thousand Kingdoms give
In purchase for each hour of longer life,
They would not buy one gasp of breath,
Not move one jot inexorable Death.

2.

All the vast stock of humane Progeny,
Which now like swarms of Insects crowl
Upon the Surface of Earth's spacious Ball,
Must quit this Hillock of Mortality,
And in its Bowels buried lie.
The mightiest King, and proudest Potentate,
In spite of all his Pomp, and all his State,
Must pay this necessary Tribute unto Fate.
The busie, restless *Monarch* of the times, which now
Keeps such a pother, and so much ado
To fill Gazettes alive,
And after in some lying Annal to survive;

Ev'n

Ev'n He, ev'n that great mortal Man must
die,

And stink, and rot as well as thou, and I,
As well as the poor tatter'd Wretch, that begs his
bread,

And is with scraps out of the common Basket fed.

3.

In vain from dangers of the bloody Field we keep,

In vain we escape

The sultry *Line*, and stormy *Cape*,

And all the treacheries of the faithless Deep:

In vain for health to foreign Countries we repair,

And change our *English* for *Mompellier Air*,

In hope to leave our fears of dying there:

In vain with costly far-fetch'd Drugs we strive

To keep the wasting vital Lamp alive:

In vain on Doctors feeble Art rely;

Against resistless Death there is no remedy:

Both we, and they for all their skill must die,

And fill alike the Bedrols of Mortality.

4.

Thou must, thou must resign to Fate, my Friend,
And leave thy House, thy Wife, and Family behind:

Thou must thy fair, and goodly Mannors leave,
Of these thy Trees thou shalt not with thee take,
Save just as much as will thy Coffin make:

Nor wilt thou be allow'd of all thy Land, to have,
But the small pittance of a six-foot Grave.

Then shall thy prodigal young Heir
Lavish the Wealth, which thou for many a year
Hast hoarded up with so much pains and care:
Then shall he drain thy Cellars of their Stores,
Kept sacred now as vaults of buried Ancestors:
Shall set th' enlarged Butts at liberty,
Which there close Pris'ners under durance lie,
And wash these stately Floors with better Wine
Than that of consecrated Prelates when they dine.

The PRAISE of
H O M E R.

ODE.

I.

Hail God of Verse! pardon that thus I take in
 vain

Thy sacred, everlasting Name,

And in unhallow'd Lines blaspheme:

Pardon that with strange Fire thy Altars I profane.

Hail thou! to whom we mortal Bards our Faith
 submit,

Whom we acknowledg our sole Text, and holy

Writ:

None other Judg infallible we own,

But Thee, who art the Canon of authentick Wit
 alone.

Thou

Thou art the unexhausted Ocean, whence
Sprung first, and still do flow th' eternal Rills of
sense :

To none but Thee our Art Divine we owe,
From whom it had its Rise, and full Perfection too.
Thou art the mighty Bank, that ever do'st supply
Throughout the world the whole Poetick Com-
pany :

With thy vast stock alone they traffick for a
name,
And send their glorious Ventures out to all the
Coasts of Fame,

2.

How trulier blind was dull Antiquity,
Who fasten'd that unjust Reproach on Thee ?
Who can the senseless Tale believe ?
Who can to the false Legend credit give ?
Or think thou wantedst sight, by whom all others
see ?

What Land, or Region, how remote soe're,
Does not so well describ'd in thy great Draughts
appear,

E

That

That each thy native Country seems to be,
And each t'have been survey'd, and measur'd out
By thee?

Whatever Earth does in her pregnant Bowels bear,
Or on her fruitful Surface wear;

What e're the spacious Fields of Air contain,
Or far extended Territories of the Main;
Is by thy skilful Pencil so exactly shown,
We scarce discern where thou, or Nature best has
drawn,

Nor is thy quick all-piercing Eye

Or check'd, or bounded here:

But farther does surpass, and farther does descry:

Beyond the Travels of the Sun, and Year.

Beyond this glorious Scene of starry Tapestry,

Where the vast Purlieus of the Sky,

And boundless waste of Nature lies,

Thy Voyages thou mak'st, and bold Discoveries.

What there the Gods in Parliament debate,

What Votes, or Acts i'th'Heav'nly Houses pass,

By Thee so well communicated was;

As if thou'dst been of that Cabal of State,

As if Thou hadst been sworn the Privy-Counsellor
of Fate.

3.

What Chief, who does thy Warrior's great Exploits
survey,

Will not aspire to Deeds as great as they?

What generous Readers would he not inspire

With the same gallant Heat, the same ambitious
Fire?

Methinks from *Ida's* top with noble Joy I view

The warlike Squadrons by his daring Conduct led,

I see th' immortal Host engaging on his side,

And him the blushing Gods out-do.

Where e're he does his dreadful Standards bear,

Horror stalks in the Van, and Slaughter in the
Rere.

Whole Swarms of Enemies his Sword does
mow,

And Limbs of mangled Chiefs his passage
strow,

And floods of reeking Gore the Field o're-
flow:

While Heav'n's dread Monarch from his Throne
of State,

With high concern upon the Fight looks down,
And wrinkles his Majestick Brow into a Frown,
To see bold Man, like him, distribute Fate.

4.

While the great *Macedonian* Youth in Non-age
grew,

Not yet by Charter of his years set free
From Guardians, and their slavish tyranny,
No Tutor, but the Budg Philosophers he knew :
And well enough the grave, and useful Tools
Might serve to read him Lectures, and to please
With unintelligible Jargon of the Schools,
And airy Terms and Notions of the Colleges :
They might the Art of Prating, and of Brawling
teach,
And some insipid Homilies of Vertue preach :
But when the mighty Pupil had outgrown
Their musty Discipline, when manlier Thoughts
possess'd

His generous Princely Breast,

Now

Now ripe for Empire, and a Crown,
And fill'd with lust of Honour, and Renown;

He then learnt to contemn
The despicable things, the men of Flegm:
Strait he to the dull Pedants gave release,
And a more noble Master strait took place:
Thou, who the *Grecian* Warriour so could'ſt praise,
As might in him juſt envy raiſe,
Who (one would think) had been himſelf too
high

To envy any thing of all Mortality,
'Twas thou that taught'ſt him Lessons loftier far,
The Art of Reigning, and the Art of War:
And wondrous was the Progreſs, which he made,
While he the Acts of thy great Pattern read:
The World too narrow for his boundleſs Conqueſts
grew,
He Conquer'd one, and wiſh'd, and wept for new:
From thence he did thoſe Miracles produce,
And Fought, and Vanquiſh'd by the Conduct of a
Muſe,

5.

No wonder rival Nations quarrell'd for thy Birth,
 A Prize of greater and of higher worth
 Than that which led whole *Greece*, and *Asia* forth,
 Than that, for which thy mighty Hero fought,
 And *Troy* with ten years War, and its Destruction
 bought.

Well did they think it noble to have bore that
 Name,

Which the whole world would with ambition claim:

Well did they Temples raise

To Thee, at whom Nature her self stood in amaze,

A work, she never tried to mend, nor cou'd,

In which mistaking Man, by chance she form'd a
 God.

How gladly would our willing *Isle* resign

Her fabulous *Arthur*, and her boasted *Constantine*,

And half her Worthies of the *Norman* Line,

And quit the honour of their Births to be ensur'd to
 Thine?

How justly might it the wise choice approve.

Prouder in this than *Crete* to have brought forth
 Almighty *Jove*?

6. Un:

6.

Unhappy we, thy *British* Off-spring here,
Who strive by thy great Model Monuments to rear:
In vain for worthless Fame we toil,
That's pent in the strait limits of a narrow *Isle* :
In vain our Force, and Art we spend
With noble labours to enrich our Land,
Which none beyond our Shores vouchsafe to understand.
Be the fair structure ne'r so well design'd,
The parts with ne'r so much proportion joyn'd ;
Yet foreign Bards (such is their Pride, or Prejudice)
All the choice Wormaniship for the Materials sake despise.
But happier thou thy Genius didst dispence
In Language universal as thy sense:
All the rich Bullion, which thy Sovereign Stamp
does wear
On every Coast of Wit does equal value bear.
Allow'd by all, and currant every where,

No Nation yet has been so barbarous found,
Where thy transcendent Worth was not re-
nown'd.

Throughout the World thou art with Wonder
read,

Where ever Learning does its Commerce spread,
Where ever Fame with all her Tongues can speak,
Where ever the bright God of Wit does his vast
Journies take,

7.

Happy above Mankind that envied Name,
Which Fate ordain'd to be thy glorious Theme :
What greater Gift could bounteous Heaven be-
stow

On its chief Favourite below ?

What nobler Trophy could his high Deserts be
fit,

Than these thy vast erected Pyramids of Wit ?

Not Statutes cast in solid Brass,

Nor those, which Art in breathing Marble does ex-
press,

Can boast an equal Life, or lastingness

With their well-polish'd Images, which claim
A Nich in thy Majestick Monuments of Fame.
Here their embalm'd incorruptible memories
Can proudest *Loures*, and *Escurials* despise,
And all the needless helps of *Ægypt's* costly Vanities.

No Blasts of Heaven, or Ruine of the Spheres,
Not all the washing Tides of rolling years,
Nor the whole Race of batt'ring time shall e're wear
out

The great Inscriptions, which thy Hand has
wrought,
Here thou, and they shall live, and bear an endless
date,

Firm, as enroll'd in the eternal Register of Fate.

For ever curst be that mad *Emperour*,

(And curst'd enough he is be sure)

May future Poets on his hated Name

Shed all their Gall, and foulest Infamy,

And may it here stand branded with eternal shame,

Who thought thy Works could mortal be,

And sought the glorious Fabrick to destroy:

In

In this (could Fate permit it to be done)
His damned *Successor* he had out-gone,
Who *Rome* and all its Palaces in Ashes laid,
And the great Ruins with a savage Joy survey'd:
He burnt but what might be re-built and richer
made.

But had the impious Wish succeeded here,
'T had raiz'd what Age, nor Art could e're repair,
Not that vast universal Flame,
Which at the final Doom
This beauteous Work of Nature must consume,
And Heav'n and all its Glories in one Urn entomb,
Will burn a nobler, or more lasting Frame:
As firm, and strong as that it shall endure,
Through all the Injuries of Time secure,
Nor die, till the whole world its Funeral Pile be-
come.

Two Pastorals out of the Greek.

B I O N.

*A Pastoral, in Imitation of the Greek
of Moschus, bewailing the Death
of the Earl of ROCHESTER.*

Mourn all ye Groves, in darker shades be
seen,
Let Groans be heard, where gentle Winds have been:
Ye *Albion* Rivers, weep your Fountains dry,
And all ye Plants your moisture spend, and die:
Ye melancholy Flowers, which once were Men,
Lament, until you be transform'd agen:
Let every Rose pale as the Lilly be,
And Winter Frost seize the *Ayemone*:

But

74 *Two Pastorals out of the Greek.*

But thou, O *Hyacinth*, more vigorous grow
In mournful Letters thy sad glory show,
Enlarge thy grief, and flourish in thy wo :
For *Bion*, the beloved *Bion's* dead,
His voice is gone, his tuneful breath is fled.

*Come all ye Muses, come, adorn the Shepherd's
Herse*

With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verse.

Mourn ye sweet Nightingales in the thick Woods,
Tell the sad news to all the *British* Floods :
See it to *Isis*, and to *Cham* convey'd,
To *Thames*, to *Humber*, and to utmost *Tweed* :
And bid them waite the bitter tidings on,
How *Bion's* dead, how the lov'd Swain is gone,
And with him all the Art of graceful Song.

*Come all ye Muses, come, adorn the Shepherd's
Herse*

With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verse.

Ye gentle Swans, that haunt the Brooks, and
Springs,
Pine with sad grief, and droop your sickly Wings :

In

Two Pastorals out of the Greek.

75

In doleful notes the heavy loss bewail,
Such as you sing at your own Funeral,
Such as you sung when your lov'd *Orpheus* fell.
Tell it to all the Rivers, Hills, and Plains,
Tell it to all the *British* Nymphs and Swains,
And bid them too the dismal tidings spread
Of *Bion's* fate, of *England's Orpheus* dead,

*Come all ye Muses, come, adorn the Shepherd's
Herse*

With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verse.

No more, alas! no more that lovely Swain
Charms with his tuneful Pipe the wondring Plain:
Ceast are those Lays, ceast are those sprightly airs,
That woo'd our Souls into our ravish'd Ears:
For which the list'ning streams forgot to run,
And Trees lean'd their attentive branches down:
While the glad Hills, loth the sweet sounds to lose,
Lengthen'd in Echoes every heav'nly close.
Down to the melancholy Shades he's gone,
And there to *Lethe's* Banks reports his moan:

Nothing

Nothing is heard upon the Mountains now
 But pensive Herds that for their Master low:
 Stragling and comfortless about they rove,
 Unmindful of their Pasture, and their Love.

*Come all ye Muses, come, adorn the Shepherd's
 Herse,*

With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verse.

For thee, dear Swain, for thee, his much-lov'd Son,
 Does *Phæbus* Clouds of mourning black put on:
 For thee the *Satyrs* and the rustick *Fauns*
 Sigh and lament through all the Woods and Lawns:
 For thee the *Fairies* grieve, and cease to dance
 In sportful Rings by night upon the Plains:
 The water *Nymphs* alike thy absence mourn,
 And all their Springs to tears and sorrow turn:
 Sad *Eccho* too does in deep silence moan,
 Since thou art mute, since thou art speechless grown:
 She finds nought worth her pains to imitate,
 Now thy sweet breath's stopt by untimely fate:
 Trees drop their Leaves to dress thy Funeral,
 And all their Fruit before its *Autumn* fall:

Each Flower fades, and hangs its wither'd head,
And scorns to thrive, or live, now thou art dead :
Their bleating Flocks no more their Udders fill,
The painful Bees neglect their wonted toil :
Alas ! what boots it now their Hives to store
With the rich spoils of every plunder'd Flower,
when thou, that wast all sweetness, art no more ?

*Come, all ye Muses, come, adorn the Shepherd's
Herse,*

With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verse.

Ne'r did the Dolphins on the lonely Shore
In such loud plaints utter their grief before :
Never in such sad Notes did *Philomel*
To the relenting Rocks her sorrow tell :
Ne'r on the Beech did poor *Alcyone*
So weep, when she her floating Lover saw :
Nor that dead Lover, to a Sea-fowl turn'd,
Upon those Waves, where he was drown'd, so
mourn'd :
Nor did the Bird of *Memnon* with such grief
Bedew those Ashes, which late gave him life :

78 *Two Pastorals out of the Greek.*

As they did now with vying grief bewail,

As they did all lament dear *Bion's* fall.

*Come all ye Muses, come, adorn the Shepherd's
Herse*

With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verse.

In every Wood, on every Tree, and Bush

The Lark, the Linnet, Nightingale, and Thrush,

And all the feather'd Choir, that us'd to throng

In list'ning Flocks to learn his well-tun'd Song.

Now each in the sad Consort bear a part,

And with kind Notes repay their Teachers Art :

Ye Turtles too (I charge you) here assist,

Let not your murmurs in the crowd be mist :

To the dear Swain do not ungrateful prove,

That taught you how to sing, and how to love.

*Come all ye Muses, come, adorn the Shepherd's
Herse*

With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verse,

Whom hast thou left behind thee, skilful Swain,

That dares aspire to reach thy matchless strain?

Who

Who is there after thee, that dares pretend
Rashly to take thy warbling Pipe in hand?
Thy Notes remain yet fresh in every ear,
And give us all delight, and all despair:
Pleas'd *Eccho* still does on them meditate,
And to the whistling Reeds their sounds repeat.
Pan only e're can equal thee in Song,
That task does only to great *Pan* belong:
But *Pan* himself perhaps will fear to try,
Will fear perhaps to be out-done by thee.

*Come all ye Muses, come, adorn the Shepherd's
Herse*

With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verses

Fair *Galatea* too laments thy death,
Laments the ceasing of thy tuneful breath:
Oft she, kind Nymph, resorted heretofore
To hear thy artful measures from the shore:
Not harsh like the rude *Cylops* were thy lays,
Whose grating sounds did her soft ears displease:
Such was the force of thy enchanting tongue,
That she for ever could have heard thy Song;

And chid the hours, that did so swiftly run,
 And thought the Sun too hasty to go down,
 Now does that lovely *Nereid* for thy sake
 The Sea, and all her fellow Nymphs forsake:
 Pensive upon the Beach, she sits alone,
 And kindly tends the Flocks from which thou'rt
 gone.

*Come all ye Muses, come, adorn the Shepherd's
 Herse*

With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verse.

With thee, sweet *Bion*, all the grace of Song,
 And all the *Muses* boasted Art is gone :
 Mute is thy Voice, which could all hearts command,
 Whose pow'r no Shepherdess could e're withstand,
 All the soft weeping *Loves* about thee moan,
 At once their Mothers darling, and their own :
 Dearer wast thou to *Venus* than her *Loves*,
 Than her charm'd Girdle, than her faithful Doves,
 Than the last gasping Kisses, which in death
Adonis gave, and with them gave his breath.

This, *Thames*, ah! this is now the second loss,

For which in tears thy weeping Current flows:

Spencer, the Muses glory, went before,

He pass'd long since to the *Elysian* shore:

For him (they say) for him, thy dear-lov'd Son,

Thy Waves did long in sobbing murmurs groan,

Long fill'd the Sea with their complaint, and
moan:

But now, alas! thou do'st afresh bewail,

Another Son does now thy sorrow call:

To part with either thou alike wast loth,

Both dear to Thee, dear to the Fountains both:

He largely drank the Rills of sacred *Cham*,

And this no less of *Isis* nobler stream:

He sung of Hero's, and of hardy Knights

Far-fam'd in Battels, and renown'd Exploits:

This meddled not with bloody Fights, and
Wars,

Pan was his Song, and Shepherds harmless jars,

Loves peaceful combats, and its gentle cares.

Love ever was the subject of his Lays,

And his soft Lays did *Venus* ever please.

*Come all ye Muses; come adorn the Shepherd's
Herse*

With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verse.

Thou, sacred *Bion*, art lamented more

Than all our tuneful Bards, that dy'd before:

Old *Chaucer*, who first taught the use of Verse,

No longer has the tribute of our tears:

Milton, whose Muse with such a daring flight

Led out the warring *Seraphims* to fight:

Blest *Cowley* too, who on the banks of *Cham*

So sweetly sigh'd his wrongs, and told his flame;

And *He*, whose Song rais'd *Cooper's Hill* so high,

As made its glory with *Parnassus* vie:

And soft *Orinda*, whose bright shining name

Stands next great *Sappho's* in the ranks of fame:

All now unwept, and unrelented pass,

And in our grief no longer share a place:

Bion alone does all our tears engross,

Our tears are all too few for *Bion's* loss.

*Come all ye Muses, come, adorn the Shepherd's
Herse*

With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verse.

Thee all the Herdsmen mourn in gentlest Lays,

And rival one another in thy praise:

In spreading Letters they engrave thy Name

On every Bark, that's worthy of the same:

Thy Name is warbled forth by every tongue,

Thy Name the Burthen of each Shepherd's Song:

Waller, the sweet'st of living Bards, prepares

For thee his tender'st, and his mournfull'st airs,

And I, the meanest of the British Swains,

Amongst the rest offer these humble strains:

If I am reckon'd not unblest in Song,

'Tis what I owe to thy all-reaching tongue:

Some of thy Art, some of thy tuneful breath

Thou didst by Will to worthless me bequeath:

Others thy Flocks, thy Lands, thy Riches have,
To me thou didst thy Pipe, and Skill vouchsafe.

*Come all ye Muses, come, adorn the Shepherd's
H: rse*

With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verse,

Alas! by what ill Fate, to man unkind,

Were we to so severe a lot design'd?

The meanest Flowers which the Gardens yield,

The vilest Weeds that flourish in the Field,

Which must e're long lie dead in Winter's Snow,

Shall spring again, again more vigorous grow:

Yon Sun, and this bright glory of the day,

Which night is hasting now to snatch away,

Shall rise anew more shining and more gay:

But wretched we must harder measure find,

The great'st, the brav'st, the wittiest of mankind,

When Death has once put out their light, in vain

Ever expect the dawn of Life again:

In the dark Grave insensible they lie,

And there sleep out endless Eternity.

There

There thou to silence ever art confin'd,
 While less deserving Swains are left behind:
 So please the Fates to deal with us below,
 They cull out thee, and let dull *Mævius* go:
Mævius still lives; still let him live for me;
 He, and his Pipe shall ne'r my envy be:
 None e're that heard thy sweet, thy Artful Tongue,
 Will grate their ears with his rough untun'd Song.

*Come, all ye Muses, come, adorn the Shepherd's
 Herse*

With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verse.

A fierce Disease, sent by ungentle Death,
 Snatch'd *Bion* hence, and stop'd his hallow'd breath:
 A fatal damp put out that heav'nly fire,
 That sacred heart which did his breast inspire:
 Ah! what malignant ill could boast that pow'r,
 Which his sweet voice's Magick could not cure:
 Ah cruel Fate! how could'st thou chuse but spare?
 How could'st thou exercise thy rigour here?
 Would thou hadst thrown thy Dart at worthless me,
 And let this dear, this valued life go free:

Better ten thousand meaner Swains had dy'd,
Than this best work of Nature been destroy'd.

Come, all ye Muses, come, adorn the Shepherd's
Herself.

With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verse.

Ah! would kind Death alike had sent me hence;

But grief shall do the work, and save its pains;

Grief shall accomplish my desired doom,

And soon dispatch me to *Elysium*.

There, *Bion*, would I be, there gladly know,

How with thy voice thou charm'st the shades below.

Sing, Shepherd, sing one of thy strains divine,

Such as may melt the fierce *Elysian Queen*:

She once her self was pleas'd with tuneful strains,

And sung, and danc'd on the *Sicilian Plains*:

Fear not, thy Song should unsuccessful prove;

Fear not, but 'twill the pitying Goddess move:

She once was won by *Orpheus* heavenly Lays,

And gave his fair *Eurydice* release.

And thine as pow'rful (question not, dear Swain)

Shall bring thee back to these glad Hills again.

Ev'n I my self, did I at all excel,

Would try the utmost of my voice and skill,

Would try to move the rigid King of Hell,

Imitated out of the Greek of Bion
of Smyrna.

PASTORAL.

The

The Lamentation for
ADONIS.

Imitated out of the *Greek* of *Bion*
 of *Smyrna*.

PASTORAL.

I Mourn *Adonis*, fair *Adonis* dead,
 He's dead, and all that's lovely, with him fled :
 Come all ye Loves, come hither and bemoan
 The charming sweet *Adonis* dead and gone:
 Rise from thy Purple Bed, and rich Alcove,
 Throw off thy gay attire, great Queen of Love :
 Henceforth in sad and mournful weeds appear,
 And all the marks of grief, and sorrow wear,

And

And tear thy locks, and bear thy panting breast,
And cry, *My dear Adonis is deceast.*

I mourn *Adonis*, the soft Loves bemoan
The gentle sweet *Adonis* dead and gone.

On the cold Mountain lies the wretched Youth,
Kill'd by a Savage Boar's unpyring tooth:
In his white thigh the fatal stroke is found,
Nor whiter was that tooth, that gave the wound:
From the wide wound fast flows the streaming gore
And stains that skin which was all snow before:
His breath with quick short tremblings comes and
goes,

And Death his fainting eyes begins to close:
From his pale lips the ruddy colour's fled,
Fled, and has left his kisses cold and dead:
Yet *Venus* never will his kisses leave,
The Goddess ever to his lips will cleave:
The kiss of her dear Youth does please her still,
But her poor Youth does not the pleasure feel:
Dead he feels not her love, feels not her grief,
Feels not her kiss, which might ev'n life retrieve.

I mourn

Imourn *Adonis* the sad Loves bemoan

The comely fair *Adonis* dead and gone.

Deep in his Thigh, deep went the killing smart; I

But deeper far it goes in *Venus* heart:

His faithful Dogs about the Mountain yell,

And the hard Fate of their dead Master tell:

The troubled Nymphs alike in doleful strains

Proclaim his death through all the Fields & Plains:

But the sad Goddess, most of all forlorn,

With love distracted, and with sorrow torn,

Wild in her look, and ruful in her air,

With Garments rent, and with dishevel'd hair,

Through Brakes, through Thickets, and through

pathless ways,

Through Woods, through Haunts, and Dens of

Savages,

Undrest, unshod, careless of Honour, Fame,

And Danger, flies, and calls on his lov'd name,

Rude Brambles, as she goes, her body rear,

And her cut feet with bloud the stones besmear,

I mourn

She

She thoughtless of the unfelt smart flies on,
And fills the Woods, and Vallies with her moan,
Loudly does on the Stars and Fates complain,
And prays them give *Adonis* back again:

But he, alas! the wretched Youth, alas!
Lies cold, and stiff, extended on the grass:

There lies he steep'd in gore, there lies he drown'd,
In purple streams, that gush from his own wound.

All the soft band of Loves their Mother
mourn,

At once of beauty, and of love forlorn.

Venus has lost her Lover, and each grace,

That sate before in triumph in her face,

By grief chas'd thence, has now forsook the place.

That day which snatch'd *Adonis* from her arms,

That day bereft the Goddess of her charms.

The Woods and Trees in murmuring sighs be-
moan

The fate of her *Adonis* dead and gone.

The Rivers too, as if they would deplore

His death, with grief swell higher than before:

The Flowers weep in tears of dreary dew,
 And by their drooping heads their sorrow shew:
 But most the *Cyprian Queen* with shrieks, and
 groans,
 Fills all the neighb'ring Hills, and Vales, and
 Towns:

The poor Adonis dead! is all her cry,
Adonis dead! sad *Eccho* does reply.

What cruel heart would not the *Queen of Love*
 To melting tears, and soft compassion move,
 When she saw how her wretched Lover fell,
 Saw his deep wound, saw it incurable?
 Soon as her eyes his bleeding wounds survey'd,
 With eager clips she did his Limbs invade,
 And these soft, tender, mournful things she said:

“Whither, O whither sl’st thou, wretched Boy,
 “Stay my *Adonis*, stay my only joy,
 “O stay, unhappy Youth, at least till I
 “With one kind word bespeak thee, e’r thou die,
 “Till I once more embrace thee, till I seal
 “Upon thy dying lips my last farewell.

- " Look up one minute, give one parting kiss,
" One kiss, dear Youth, to dry these flowing eyes :
" One kiss as thy last Legacy I'd fain
" Preserve, no God shall take it off again.
" Kiss, while I watch thy swimming eye-balls roul,
" Watch thy last gasp, and catch thy springing soul.
" I'll suck it in, I'll hoard it in my heart,
" I wish that sacred pledg will never part,
" But thou wilt part, but thou art gone, far gone
" To the dark shades, and leav'st me here alone.
" Thou dy'st, but hopeless I must suffer life,
" Must pine away with endless endless grief.
" Why was I born a Goddess ? why was I
" Made such a wretch to want the pow'r to die ?
" If I by death my sorrows might redress,
" If the cold Grave could to my pains give ease,
" I'd gladly die, I'd rather nothing be
" Than thus condemn'd to immortality :
" In that vast empty void, and boundless wast,
" We mind not what's to come, nor what is past.

" Of life, or death we know no difference,

" Nor hopes, nor fears at all affect our sense:

" But those who are of pleasure once bereft,

" And must survive, are most unhappy left:

" To ravenous sorrow they are left a prey,

" Nor can they ever drive despair away.

" Take, cruel *Proserpine*, take my lov'd Boy,

" Rich with my spoils, do thou my loss enjoy.

" Take him relentless Goddess, for thy own,

" Never till now wast thou my envy grown.

" Hard Fate! that thus the best of things must be

" Always the plunder of the Grave, and thee:

" The Grave, and thou now all my hopes engross,

" And I for ever must *Adonis* lose.

" Thou'rt dead, alas! alas! my Youth, thou'rt dead,

" And with thee all my pleasures too are fled:

" They're all like fleeting vanish'd dreams pass'd
o're,

" And nought but the remembrance left in store

" Of tasted joys ne're to be tasted more:

" With

" With thee my *Cestus*, all my charms are gone,

" Thy *Venus* must thy absence ever moan,

" And spend the tedious live-long nights alone.

" Ah! heedless Boy, why would'st thou rashly
choose

" Thy self to dang'rous pleasures to expose?

" Why would'st thou hunt? why would'st thou any
more

" Venture with Dogs to chase the foaming Boar?

" Thou wast all fair to mine, to humane eyes,

" But not (alas!) to those wild Savages.

" One would have thought thy sweetness might
have charm'd

" The roughest kind, the fiercest rage disarm'd:

" Mine (I am sure) it could; but wo is thee!

" All wear not eyes, all wear not breasts like me.

In such sad words the Dame her grief did vent,

While the Wing'd Loves kept time with her com-
plaint:

As many drops of Bloud as from the wound

Of slain *Adonis* fell upon the ground,

So many tears, and more you might have told,
 That down the cheeks of weeping *Venus* rould :
 Both tears, and bloud to new-born flow'rs give rise,
 Hence *Roses* spring, and thence *Anemonies*.

Cease, *Venus*, in the Woods to mourn thy Love,
 Thou'lt vented sighs, thou'lt lavish'd tears enough:
 See! Goddess, where a glorious bed of State
 Does ready for thy dear *Adonis* wait :

This bed was once the Scene of Love, and Joy,
 But now must bear the wretched, murder'd Boy:
 There lies he, like a pale, and wither'd Flower,
 Which some rude hand had crop't before its hour:
 Yet smiles, and beauties still live in his face,
 Which death can never frighten from their place.
 There let him lie upon that conscious bed,
 Where you loves mysteries so oft have tried:
 When you've enjoy'd so many an happy night,
 Each lengthen'd into ages of delight.

There let him lie, there heaps of Flowers grow,
Roses and *Lillies* store upon him throw,
 And myrtle Garlands lavishly bestow:

Pour Myrrh, and Balm, and costliest Ointments
on,

Flowers are faded, Ointments worthless grown,

Now thy *Adonis*, now thy Youth is gone,

Who was all sweetnesſes compriz'd in one.

In Purple wrapt, *Adonis* lies in ſtate,

A Troop of mourning Loves about him wait :

Each does ſome mark of their kind ſorrow ſhow,

One breaks his Shafts, t'other unſtrings his Bow,

A third upon his Quiver wreaks his hate,

As the ſad cauſes of his haſty fate :

This plucks his bloody garments off, that brings

Water in Veſſels from the neighb'ring Springs,

Some waſh his Wound, ſome fan him with their
Wings :

All equally their Mothers loſs bemoan,

All moan for poor *Adonis* dead and gone.

Sad *Hymen* too the fatal loſs does mourn,

His Tapers all to Funeral Tapers turn,

And all his wither'd Nuptial Garlands burn :

His gay, and airy Songs are heard no more,
But mournful Strains, that hopeless love deplore.
Nor do the *Graces* fail to bear a part
With wretched *Venus* in her pain and smart :
The poor Adonis dead! by turns they cry,
And strive in grief the Goddess to out-vie.
The *Muses* too in softest Lays bewail
The hapless Youth, and his fled Soul recal :
But all in vain; — ah ! numbers are too weak
To call the lost, the dead *Adonis* back :
Not all the pow'rs of Verse, or charms of Love
The deaf remorseless *Proserpine* can move.

Cease then, sad Queen of Love, thy plaints give
o're,

Till the next year reserve thy grief in store :
Reserve thy Sighs, and tears in store till then,
Then thou must sigh, then thou must weep agen.

Paraphrase upon the 137. Psalm.

I.

Ver. I. **F**Ar from our pleasant native *Palestine*,
Where great *Euphrates* with a mighty
current flows,

And does in watry limits *Babylon* confine,
Curst'sd *Babylon*! the cause, and author of our woes;
There on the Rivers side
Sate wretched, Captive we.

And in sad Tears bewail'd our misery.
Tears, whose vast store increas'd the neighb'ring
Tide:

We wept, and strait our grief before us brought
A thousand distant Objects to our thought,
As oft as we survey'd the gliding Stream,
Lov'd *Jordan* did our sad remembrance claim:
As oft as we th' adjoining City view'd,
Dear *Sions* razed Walls our Grief renew'd:

We thought on all the Pleasures of our happy Land,

Late ravish'd by a cruel Conqu'rou's hand:

We thought on every piteous, every mournful thing,

That might access to our enlarged sorrows bring;

2. Deep silence told the greatness of our Grief,

Of grief too great by Vent to find relief:

Our Harps as mute and dumb, as we,

Hung useleſs, and neglected by,

And now and then a broken String would lend a
ſigh,

As if with us they felt a ſympathy,

And mourn'd their own, and our Captivity:

The gentle River too, as if compaſſionate grown,

As 'twould its Natives cruelty atone,

As it paſs'd by, in murmurs gave a pitying Groan.

2.

3. There the proud Conquerors, who gave us
Chains,

Who all our ſuff'rings and miſfortunes gave,

Did with rude Inſolence our Sorrows brave,

And with inſulting Raillery thus mock'd our Pains;

Play

Play us (said they) some brisk, and airy strain,

Such as your Ancestors were wont to hear

On Shilo's pleasant Plain,

Where all the Virgins met in Dances once a year:

Or one of those,

Which your illustrious David did compose,

While he fill'd Israel's happy Throne,

Great Soldier, Poet, and Musician all in one:

Oft (have we heard) he went with Harp in hand,

Captain of all th^e harmonious Band,

And vanquish'd all the Quire with's single skill alone:

4. *Forbid it Heav'n! forbid thou great thrice-hal-
low'd Name,*

We should thy Sacred Hymns defame,

Or them with impious ears profane,

No, no, inhumane slaves, is this a time

(Oh cruel, and preposterous demand!)

When every Joy, and every Smile's a crime,

A Treason to our poor unhappy native Land?

Is this a time for sprightly Airs,

When every look the Badg of sorrow wears,

And Livery of our Miseries,

Sad miseries that call for all our Breath in sighs,

And all the Tribute of our eyes,

And moisture of our Veins our very bloud in tears;

When nought can claim our Thoughts, *Jerusalem*,
but thou,

Nought, but thy sad Destruction, Fall, and Over-
throw?

3.

Oh dearest City! late our Nations justest
Pride!

Envy of all the wond'ring world beside!

Oh sacred Temple, once th' Almighty's blest'd
abode,

Now quite forsaken by our angry God!

Shall ever distant time, or Place

Your firm Ideas from my Soul deface?

Shall they not still take up my Breast

As long as that, and Life, and I shall last?

Grant Heav'n (nor shall my Pray'rs the Curse
withstand)

That this my learned, skilful hand

(Which now o're all the tuneful strings can boast
command,

Which does as quick, as ready, and unerring prove,
As nature, when it would its joynts or fingers move)

Grant it forget its Art and feeling too,

When I forget to think, to wish, to pray for you ;

6. For ever tied with Dumbness be my tongue,

When it speaks ought that shall not to your Praise
belong,

If that be not the constant subject of my Muse, and
Song.

4

7. Remember, Heav'n, remember *Edom* on that
day,

And with like sufferings their spight repay,

Who made our Miseries their cruel Mirth and
Scorn,

Who laugh'd to see our flaming City burn,

And wish'd it might to Ashes turn:

Raze,

Raze, raze it (was their cursed cry)

Raze all its stately Structures down,

*And lay its Palaces, and Temple level with the
ground,*

Till Sion buried in his dismal Ruines lie,

Forgot alike its Place, its Name, and Memory.

8. And thou proud *Babylon* ! just Object of our
Hate,

Thou too shalt feel the sad reverse of Fate,

Tho thou art now exalted high,

And with thy lofty head o'rtop'st the Sky,

As if thou would'st the Pow'rs above defie ;

Thou (if those Pow'rs (and sure they will) prove
just,

If my Prophetick Grief can ought foresee)

Ere long shalt lay that lofty head in dust,

And blush in Bloud for all thy present Cruelty :

How *jeudly* then shall we retort these bitter
Taunts !

How gladly to the Musick of thy Fetters dance !

5.

A day will come (oh might I see't!) e're long
That shall revenge our mighty wrong:
Then blest'd, for ever blest'd be he
Whoever shall return't on thee,
And grave it deep, and pay't with bloody Usury:
May neither aged Groans, nor Infant Cries,
Nor pitious Mothers Tears, nor ravish'd Virgins
Sighs,
Soft'n thy unrelenting Enemies,
Let them as thou to us inexorable prove,
Nor Age nor Sex their deaf Compassion move;
Rapes, Murders, Slaughters, Funerals,
And althou durst attempt within our Sions Wall,
May'st thou endure, and more, till joyful we
Confess thy self out-done in artful cruelty.
Blest'd, yea, thrice blessed be that barbarous Hand
(Oh grief, that I such dire Revenge commend!)
Who tears out Infants from their Mothers
Womb,
And hurls them yet unborn unto their Tomb:
Blest'd

Bless'd he who plucks them from their Parents
Arms,

That Sanctuary from all common harms,

Who with their Skulls, and Bones shall pave thy
Streets all o're,

And fill thy glutted Channels with their scatter'd
Brains and Gore.

Para-

Paraphrase upon the HYMN *of*
St. AMBROSE.

ODE.

I.

TO Thee, O God, we thy just Praises sing,
To Thee we Thy great Name re-
hearfe:

We are Thy Vassals, and this humble Tribute bring
To Thee, acknowledg'd only Lord and King,
Acknowledg'd sole and Sovereign Monarch of the
Universe.

All parts of this wide Universe adore,

Eternal Father, thy Almighty power:

The Skies, and Stars, Fire, Air, and Earth, and
Sea,

With all their numerous nameless Progeny

Confess, and their due Homage pay to thee;

For why? thou spak'st the Word, and mad'st them
all from Nothing be.

To thee all Angels, all thy glorious Court on
high,

Seraph and Cherub, the Nobility,

And whatsoever Spirits be

Of lesser Honour, less Degree;

To Thee in heav'nly Lays

They sing loud Anthems of immortal Praise:

Still Holy, Holy, Holy Lord of Hosts they cry,

This is their bus'ness, this their sole employ,

And thus they spend their long and blest Eternity.

2.

Farther than Natures utmost shores and limits
stretch

The streams of thy unbounded Glory reach;

Beyond the straits of scanty Time, and Place,

Beyond the ebbs and flows of matter's narrow
Seas

They reach, and fill the Ocean of Eternity and
Space.

Infus'd like some vast mighty soul,

Thou do'st inform and actuate this spacious whole :

Thy unseen hand does the well-joynted Frame sus-
tain,

Which else would to its primitive Nothing shrink
again.

But most thou do'st thy Majesty display

In the bright Realms of everlasting Day :

There is Thy residence, there do'st Thou reign,

There on a State of dazzling Lustre sit,

There shine in Robes of pure refined Light ;

Where Sun's coarse Rays are but a Foil and
Stain,

And refuse Stars the sweepings of thy glorious
Train.

3.

There all Thy Family of menial Saints,

Huge Colonies of blest'd Inhabitants,

Which Death through countless Ages has transplan-
ted hence,

Now on Thy Throne for ever wait,

And fill the large Retinue of thy heav'nly State.

There

There reverend Prophets stand, a pompous goodly
show,

Of old thy Envoys extraordinary here,

Who brought thy sacred Embassies of Peace and
War,

That to th' obedient, this the rebel world below.

By them the mighty Twelve have their abode,

Companions once of the Incarnate suff'ring God,

Partakers now of all his Triumphs there,

As they on earth did in his Miseries share.

Of Martyrs next a crown'd and glorious Quite,

Illustrious Heroes, who have gain'd

Through dangers, and Red Seas of Bloud the Pro-
mis'd Land,

And pass'd through Ordeal Flames to the Eternity
in Fire.

There all make up the Comfort of thy Praise,

To Thee they sing (and never cease)

Loud Hymns, and Hallelujah's of Applause :

An Angel Laureat does the Sense and Strains com-
pose,

Sense far above the reach of mortal Verse,
Strains far above the reach of mortal ears,
And all, a Muse unglorified can fancy, or rehearse.

4.

Nor is this Consort only kept above;
Nor is it to the Bless'd alone confin'd;
But Earth, and all thy Faithful here are joyn'd,
And strive to vie with them in Duty and in Love:
And, tho they cannot equal Notes and Measures
raise,
Strive to return th' imperfect Ecchoes of thy Praise.
They through all Nations own thy glorious
Name,
And every where the great Three-One proclaim,
Thee, Father of the World, and Us, and Him,
Who must Mankind, whom Thou didst make,
Redeem,
Thee, blessed Saviour, the ador'd, true, only Son
To man debas'd, to rescue Man undone:

And Thee, Eternal, Holy Power,
 Who do'st by Grace exalted Man restore
 To all, he lost by the old Fall, and Sin before :
 You blest'd and glorious Trinity,
 Riddle to baffled Knowledge and Philosophy,
 Which cannot comprehend the mighty Mystery
 Of numerous One, and the unnumber'd Three
 Vast topless Pile of Wonders ! at whose sight
 Reason it self turns giddy with the height,
 Above the flutt'ring pitch of humane Wit,
 And all, but the strong wings of Faith, that Eagle's
 towering flight.

5.

Blest'd Jesu ! how shall we enough adore,
 Or thy unbounded Love, or thy unbounded
 Pow'r ?
 Thou art the Prince of Heav'n, thou art the Al-
 mighty's Heir,
 Thou art th' Eternal Off-spring of th' Eternal Sire :
 Hail thou the Worlds Redeemer ! whom to free
 From bonds of Death and endless misery,

Thou

Thou thought'st it no disdain to be
Inhabiter in low mortality :

Th' Almighty thought it no disdain
To dwell in the pure Virgins spotless Womb,
There did the boundless Godhead, and whole
Heav'n find room,
And a small point the Circle of Infinity contain.

Hail Ransom of Mankind, all-great, all-good!
Who didst atone us with thy Bloud,
Thy self the Offering, Altar, Priest, and God :
Thy self didst die to be our glorious Bail
From Death's Arrests, and the eternal Flaming Jail :
Thy self thou gav'st th' inestimable Price,
To Purchase and Redeem our mortgag'd Heav'n and
Happiness.

Thither, when thy great Work on Earth had
end,

When Death it self was slain and dead,
And Hell with all its Powers captive led,
Thou didst again triumphantly Ascend :

There do'st Thou now by Thy great Father sit on
high,

With equal Glory, equal Majesty,

Joynt-Ruler of the everlasting Monarchy.

6.

Again from thence thou shalt with greater triumph
come,

When the last Trumpet sounds the general
Doom :

And (lo !) thou com'st, and (lo !) the direful sound
does make

Through Deaths wide Realm Mortality awake :

And (lo) they all appear

At Thy Dread Bar,

And all receive th' unalterable Sentence there.

Affrighted Nature trembles at the dismal Day,

And shrinks for fear, and vanishes away :

Both that, and Time breath out their last, and now
they die,

And now are swallow'd up and lost in vast Eternity,

Mercy,

Mercy, O mercy, angry God!

Stop, stop thy flaming Wrath, too fierce to be with-
stood,

And quench it with the Deluge of thy Bloud;

Thy precious Bloud which was so freely spilt

To wash us from the stains of Sin and Guilt:

O write us with it in the Book of Fate

Amongst thy Chosen, and Predestinate,

Free Denizens of Heav'n, of the Immortal State.

7.

Guide us, O Saviour! guide thy Church below,

Both Way, and Star, Compass, and Pilot Thou;

Do thou this frail and tott'ring Vessel steer

Through Life's tempestuous Ocean here,

Through all the tossing Waves of Fear,

And dang'rous Rocks of black Despair.

Safe under Thee we shall to the wish'd Haven move,

And reach the undiscover'd Lands of Bliss above,

Thus low (behold!) to thy great Name we bow,

And thus we ever wish to grow:

Constant, as Time does thy fix'd Laws obey,
 To Thee our Worship and our Thanks we pay :
 With these we wake the chearful Light,
 With these we Sleep, and Rest invite ;
 And thus we spend our Breath, and thus we spend
 our Days,
 And never cease to Sing, and never cease to Praise.

8.

While thus each Breast, and Mouth, and
 Ear
 Are filled with thy Praise, and Love, and Fear,
 Let never Sin get room, or entrance there :
 Vouchsafe, O Lord, through this and all our
 days
 To guard us with Thy pow'rful Grace :
 Within our hearts let no usurping Lust be found,
 No rebel Passion tumult raise,
 To break thy Laws, or break our Peace,
 But set thy Watch of Angels on the Place,
 And keep the Tempter still from that forbidden
 ground.

Eyer,

Ever, O Lord, to us thy mercies grant,
Never, O Lord, let us thy mercies want,
Ne're want Thy Favour, Bounty, Liberality,
But let them ever on us be,
Constant as our own Hope and Trust on Thee :
On Thee we all our Hope and Trust repose ;
O never leave us to our Foes,
Never, O Lord, desert our Cause :
Thus aided and upheld by Thee,
We'll fear no Danger, Death, nor Misery ;
Fearless we thus will stand a falling world
With crushing Ruins all about us hurl'd,
And face wide gaping Hell, & all its slighted Pow'rs
defie.

*A Letter from the Country to a Friend
in Town, giving an Account of the
Author's Inclinations to Poetry.*

Written in July, 1678.

AS to that *Poet* (if so great a one, as he,
May suffer in comparison with me)
When heretofore in *Scythian* exile pent,
To which he to ungrateful *Rome* was sent.
If a kind Paper from his Country came,
And wore subscrib'd some known, and faithful
Name;
That like a pow'rful Cordial, did infuse
New life into his speechless gasping Muse,
And strait his Genius, which before did seem
Bound up in Ice, and frozen as the Clime,
By its warm force, and friendly influence thaw'd,
Dissolv'd apace, and in soft numbers flow'd :

Such

Such welcome here, dear Sir, your Letter had
With me shut up in close constraint as bad :
Not eager Lovers, held in long suspense,
With warmer Joy, and a more tender sense
Meet those kind Lines, which all their wishes bless
And Sign, and Seal deliver'd Happiness :
My grateful Thoughts so throng to get abroad,
They over-run each other in the crowd :
To you with hasty flight they take their way,
And hardly for the dress of words will stay.

Yet pardon, if this only fault I find,
That while you praise too much, you are less kind :
Consider, Sir, 'tis ill and dang'rous thus
To over-lay a young and tender Muse :
Praise, the fine Diet, which we're apt to love,
If given to excess, does hurtful prove :
Where it does weak, distemper'd Stomachs meet,
That surfeits, which should nourishment create.
Your rich Perfumes such fragrancy dispense,
Their sweetness overcomes, and pals my sense ;

On my weak head you heap so many Bays,
I sink beneath 'em, quite oppress'd with Praise,
And a resembling fate with him receive,
Who in too kind a triumph found his Grave,
Smother'd with Garlands, which Applauders gave.

To you these Praises justlier all belong,
By alienating which, your self you wrong :
Whom better can such commendations fit
Than you, who so well teach and practise Wit ?
Verse, the great boast of drudging Fools, from some,
May most of Scriblers with much straining come :
They void 'em dribbling, and in pain they write,
As it they had a Strangury of Wit :
Your Pen uncall'd they readily obey,
And scorn your Ink should flow so fast as they :
Each strain of yours so easie does appear,
Each such a graceful negligence does wear,
As shews you have none, and yet want no care.
None of your serious pains or time they cost,
But what thrown by, you can afford for lost :

If such the fruits of your loose leisure be,
Your careless minutes yield such Poetry ;
We guess what proofs your Genius would impart,
Did it employ you, as it does divert :
But happy you, more prudent, and more wise,
With better aims have fix'd your noble choice.
While silly I all thriving Arts refuse,
And all my hopes, and all my vigour lose,
In service on that worst of Jilts, a Muse,
For gainful business court ignoble ease,
And in gay Trifles waste my ill-spent days.

Little I thought, my dearest Friend, that you
Would thus contribute to my Ruine too :
O're-run with filthy Poetry, and Rhyme,
The present reigning evil of the time,
I lack'd, and (well I did my self assure)
From your kind hand I should receive a cure :
When (lo !) instead of healing Remedies,
You cherish, and encourage the Disease :
Inhumane you help the Distemper on,
Which was before but too inveterate grown.

As

As a kind looker on, who int'rest shares,
Tho not in's stake, yet in his hopes and fears,
Would to his Friend a pushing Gamester do,
Recall his Elbow when he hastes to throw;
Such a wise course you should have took with me.
A rash and vent'ring fool in Poetry.
Poets are Cullies, whom Rook Fame draws in,
And wheedles with deluding hopes to win:
But, when they hit, and most successful are,
They scarce come off with a bare saving share.

Oft (I remember) did wise Friends dissuade,
And bid me quit the trifling barren Trade.
Oft have I tried (Heav'n knows) to mortifie
This vile, and wicked lust of Poetry :
But still unconquer'd it remains within,
Fix'd as an Habit, or some darling Sin.
In vain I better studies there would sow,
Often I've tried, but none will thrive, or grow :
All my best thoughts, when I'd most serious be,
Are never from its foul infection free:

Nay

Nay (God forgive me) when I say my Prayers,
I scarce can help polluting them with Verse:
That fabulous *Wretch* of old revers'd I seem,
Who turn whate're I touch to Dross and Rhyme.

Of to divert the wild Caprice, I try
If Sovereign Wisdom and Philosophy
Rightly applied, will give a remedy :
Strait the great *Stagyrite* I take in hand,
Seek Nature, and my Self to understand:
Much I reflect on his vast Worth and Fame,
And much my low, and groveling aims condemn,
And quarrel, that my ill-pack'd Fate should be
This vain, this worthless thing call'd Poetry :
But when I find this unregarded Toy
Could his important Thoughts, and Pains employ,
By reading there I am but more undone,
And meet that danger, which I went to shun.
Of when ill Humour, Shagrin, Discontent
Give leisure my wild Follies to resent,
I thus against my self my Passion vent.

Enough

" Enough, mad rhiming Sot, enough for shame,
" Give o're, and all thy Quills to Tooth-picks
 Damn;
" Didst ever thou the Altar rob, or worse,
" Kill the Priest there, and Maids receiving force? }
" What else could merit this so heavy Curse?
" The greatest Curse, I can, I wish on him,
" If there be any greater than to rhyme)
" Who first did of the lewd invention think,
" First made two lines with sounds resembling
 clink,
" And, swerving from the easie paths of Prose,
" Fetters, and Chains did on free Sense impose:
" Curs'd too be all the fools, who since have went
" Miss'd in steps of that ill President:
" Want be entail'd their lot: — and on I go,
Wreaking my spight on all the jingling Crew:
Scarce the beloved Cowley scapes, tho I
Might sooner my own curses fear, than he:
And thus resolv'd against the scribbling vein,
I deeply swear never to write again.

But

But when bad Company and Wine conspire
To kindle, and renew the foolish Fire,
Straitways relaps'd, I feel the raving fit
Return, and strait I all my Oaths forget:
The Spirit, which I thought cast out before,
Enters again with stronger force, and power,
Worse than at first, and tyrannizes more.
No sober good advice will then prevail,
Nor from the raging Frenzy me recal:
Cool Reason's dictates me no more can move
Than men in Drink, in *Bedlam*, or in Love:
Deaf to all means which might most proper seem
Towards my cure, I run stark mad in Rhime:
A sad poor haunted wretch, whom nothing less
Than Prayers of the Church can dispossess.

Sometimes, after a tedious day half spent,
When Fancy long has hunted on cold Scent,
Tir'd in the dull, and fruitless chase of Thought,
Despairing I grow weary, and give out:
As a dry Lecher pump'd of all my store,
I loath the thing, 'cause I can do't no more:

But

But, when I once begin to find again,
Recruits of matter in my pregnant Brain,
Again more eager I the haunt pursue,
And with fresh vigour the lov'd sport renew :
Tickled with some strange pleasure, which I find,
And think a secresie to all mankind,
I please my self with the vain, false delight;
And count none happy, but the Fops that write:

'Tis endless, Sir, to tell the many ways,
Wherein my poor deluded self I please:
How, when the Fancy lab'ring for a Birth,
With unfelt Throws brings its rude issue forth:
How after, when imperfect shapeless Thought
Is by the Judgment into Fashion wrought,
When at first search I traverse o're my mind,
Nought but a dark, and empty Void I find :
Some little hints at length, like sparks, break thence,
And glimm'ring Thoughts just dawning into sense:
Cofus'd a while the mixt Idea's lie,
With nought of mark to be discover'd by,

Like

Like colours undistinguish'd in the night,
Till the dusk Images, moy'd to the light,
Teach the discerning Faculty to chuse,
Which it had best adopt, and which refuse:
Here rougher strokes, touch'd with a careless dafh,
Resemble the first sitting of a face:
There finish'd draughts in form more full appear,
And to their justness ask no further care.
Mean while with inward joy I proud am grown,
To see the work successfully go on:
And prize my self in a creating power, (fore-
That could make something, what was nought be-
Sometimes a stiff, unwieldy thought I meet,
Which to my Laws will scarce be made submit:
But, when, after expence of pains and time,
'Tis manag'd well, and taught to yoke in Rhime,
I triumph more, than joyful Warriours wou'd,
Had they some stout, and hardy Foe subdu'd:
And idly think, less goes to their Command,
That makes arm'd Troops in well-plac'd order
stand,

Than to the conduct of my words, when they
March in due ranks, are set in just array.

Sometimes on wings of Thought I seem on
high,

As men in sleep, though motionless they lie,
Fledg'd by a Dream, believe they mount and fly :

So Witches some enchanted Wand bestride,
And think they through the airy Regions ride,
Where Fancy is both Traveller, Way, and Guide :

Then strait I grow a strange exalted thing,

And equal in conceit, at least a King :

As the poor Drunkard, when Wine stuns his brains,
Anointed with that Liquor, thinks he reigns.

Bewitch'd by these Delusions 'tis I write,

(The tricks some pleasant Devil plays in spight)

And when I'm in the freakish Trance, which I

Fond silly Wretch, mistake for Extasie,

I find all former Resolutions vain,

And thus recant them, and make new again.

“ What was't, I rashly vow'd? shall ever I

“ Quit my beloved Mistress, Poetry?

“ Thou

- “ Thou sweet beguiler of my lonely hours,
“ Which thus glide unperceiv'd with silent course :
“ Thou gentle Spell, which undisturb'd do'st keep
“ My Breast, and charm intruding care asleep :
“ They say, thou'rt poor, and unendow'd, what
 tho ?
“ For thee I this vain, worthless world forgo :
“ Let Wealth, and Honour be for Fortunes Slaves,
“ The Alms of Fools, and Prize of crafty Knaves :
“ To me thou art, whate're th' ambitious crave,
“ And all that greedy Misers want, or have :
“ In Youth, or Age, in Travel, or at Home,
“ Here, or in Town, at *London*, or at *Rome*,
“ Rich, or a Beggar, free, or in the Fleet,
“ Whate're my Fate is, 'tis my Fate to write.

Thus I have made my shrifted Muse confess,
Her secret Feebles, and her Weaknesses :
All her hid Faults she sets expos'd to view,
And hopes a gentle Confessor in you :

She hopes an easie pardon for her sin,
Since 'tis but what she is not wilful in,
Nor yet has scandalous nor open been.
Try if your ghostly counsel can reclaim
The heedless wanton from her guilt and shame:
At least be not ungenerous to reproach
That wretched frailty, which you've help'd debauch.

'Tis now high time to end, for fear I grow
More tedious than old Doaters, when they woo,
Than travel'd Fops, when far-fetch'd lies they prate,
Or flatt'ring Poets, when they dedicate.
No dull forgiveness I presume to crave,
Nor vainly for my tiresom length ask leave:
Lest I, as often formal Coxcombs use,
Prolong that very fault, I would excuse:
May this the same kind welcome find with you,
As yours did here, and ever shall; Adieu.

*Upon a Printer that exposed him by
Printing a Piece of his grossly
mangled, and faulty.*

DULL, and unthinking! hadst thou none but me
To plague, and urge to thine own Infamy?
Had I some tame and sneaking Author been,
Whose Muse to Love, and softness did incline,
Some small Adventurer in Song, that whines
Chloris and *Phyllis* out in charming lines,
Fit to divert mine Hostess, and mislead
The heart of some poor tawdry Waiting Maid;
Perhaps I might have then forgiven thee,
And thou hadst scap'd from my resentments free.

But I whom spleen, and manly rage inspire,
Brook no affront, at each offence take fire:
Born to chastise the Vices of the Age,
Which Pulpits dare not, nor the very Stage:
Sworn to lash Knaves of all degrees, and spare
None of the kind, however great they are:
Satyr's my only Province, and delight,
For whose dear sake alone I've vow'd to write:
For this I seek occasions, court Abuse,
To shew my Parts, and signalize my Muse:
Fond of a Quarrel, as young Bullies are
To make their Mettle, and their Skill appear:
And didst thou think I would a wrong acquit,
That touch'd my tender'st part of Honour, Wit?

No,

No, Villain, may my Sins ne're pardon'd be
By Heav'n it self, if e're I pardon thee.

Members from breach of Privilege deter
By threatening *Topham* and a Messenger:
Scroggs, and the Brothers of the Coif oppose,
By force and dint of Statutes, and the Laws:
Strumpets of *Billingsgate* redress their wrongs
By the sole noise, and foulness of their Tongues:
And I go always arm'd for my defence,
To punish, and revenge an insolence.
I wear my Pen, as others do their Sword,
To each affronting Sot, I meet, the word
Is *Satisfaction*: strait to Thrusts I go,
And pointed Satyr runs him through and through.

Perhaps thou hop'dst that thy obscurity
Should be thy safeguard, and secure thee free.
No, wretch, I mean from thence to fetch thee out,
Like sentenc'd Felons, to be drag'd about:
Torn, mangled, and expos'd to scorn, and shame,
I mean to hang, and Gibbet up thy Name.
If thou to live in Satyr so much thirst,
Enjoy thy wish, and Fame, till envy burst,
Renown'd, as he, whom banish'd *Ovid* curst:
Or he, whom old *Archilochus* so stung
In Verse, that he for shame, and madness hung:
Deathless in infamy, do thou so live,
And let my Rage, like his, to Halters drive.

Thou thoughtst perhaps my Gall was spent and
gone,
My Venom drain'd, and I a stingle's Drone:
Thou thoughtst I had no Curses left in store;
But to thy sorrow know, and find I've more,

More

More, and more dreadful yet, able to scare,
 Like Hell, and urge to Daggers, and Despair:
 Such thou shalt feel, are still reserv'd by me,
 To vex and force thee to thy Destiny:
 Since thou hast brav'd my vengeance thus; prepare,
 And tremble from my Pen thy Doom to hear.

Thou, who with spurious Nonsense durst pro-
 fane

The genuine issue of a Poets Brain,
 May'st thou hereafter never deal in Verse,
 But what hoarse Bell men in their Walks rehearse,
 Or *Smithfield* Audience sang on *Crickets* hears:
 May'st thou print *H—*, or some duffer *Ass*,
Jordan, or *Him*, that wrote *Dutch Hudibras*:
 Or next vile Scribler of the House, whose Play
 Will scarce for Candles, and their snuffing pay:
 May you each other Curse; thy self undone,
 And he the laughing-stock of all the Town.

May'st thou ne're rise to History, but what
 Poor *Grubstreet* Penny Chroniclers relate,
Mémoires of *Tyburn*, and the mournful State
 Of Cut-purses in *Holborn* Cavalcade,
 Till thou thy self be the same subject made,
 Compell'd by want, may'st thou Print Popery,
 For which be the Carts Arse, and Pillory,
 Turnips, and rotten Eggs thy destiny.
 Maul'd worse than *Reading*, *Christian*, or *Cellier*,
 Till thou daub'd o're with loathsom filth, appear
 Like Brat of some vile Drab in Privy found,
 Which there has lain three months in Ordure
 drown'd.

The Plague of Poets, Rags, and Poverty,
 Debts, Writs, Arrests, and Serjeants light on thee:
 For others bound, may'st thou to Durance go,
 Condemn'd to Scraps, and begging with a Shoo:
 And may'st thou never from the Jail get free,
 Till thou swear out thy self by Perjury:
 Forlorn, abandon'd, pitiless, and poor,
 As a pawn'd Cully, or a mortgag'd Whore,
 May'st thou an Halter want for thy Redress,
 Forc'd to steal Hemp to end thy miseries,
 And damn thy self to balk the Hangmans Fees.
 And may no saucy Fool have better Fate
 That dares pull down the Vengeance of my
 Hate.

FINIS.

